CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

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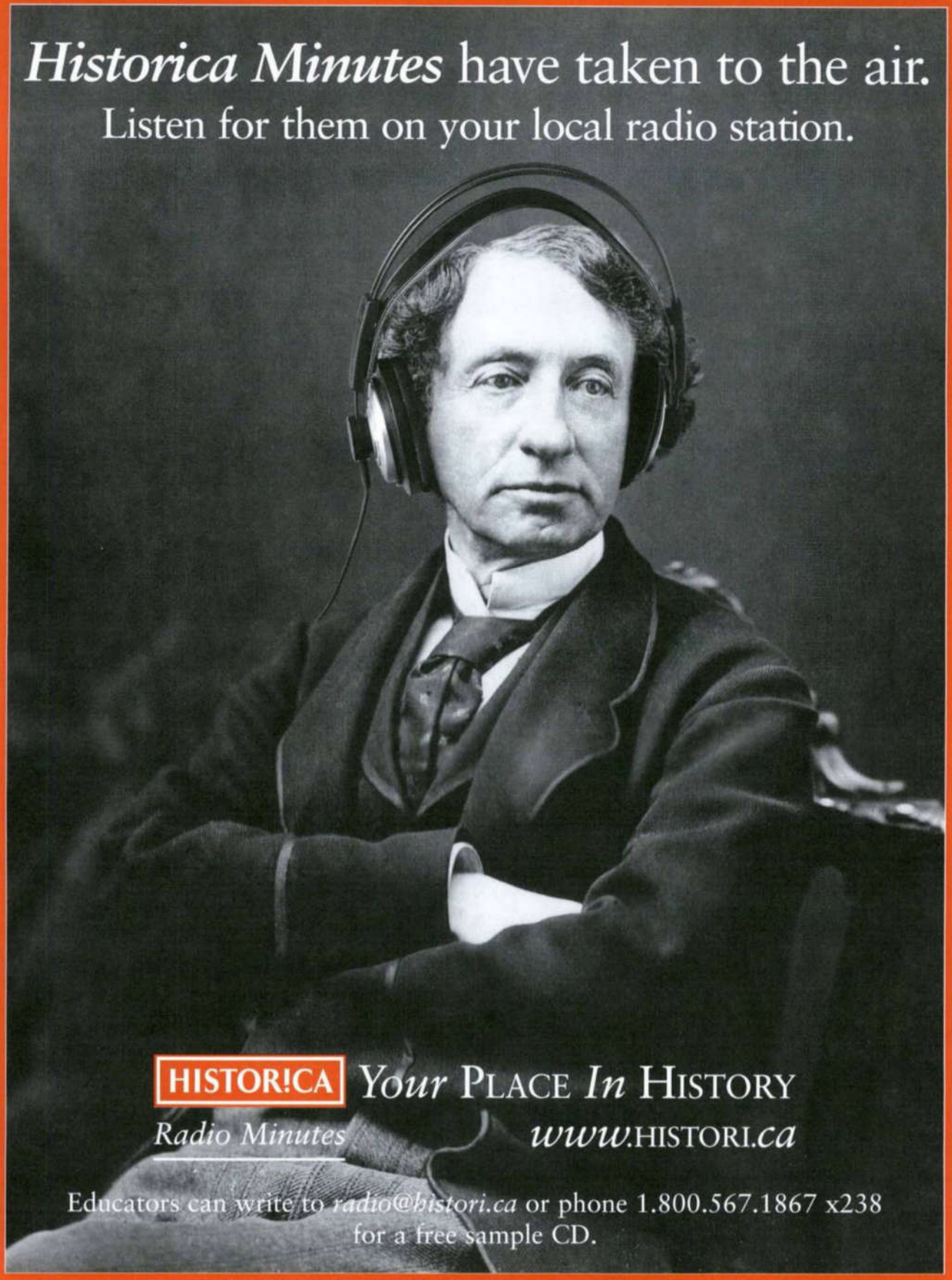
The Map That Changed the West

Art Shock in Toronto

Canadians Who Shaped Hollywood

The Prince & the Pistols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The Beaver

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The Beaver
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Canada's History Magazine

Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes **The Beaver** magazine, the **Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History** to honour the country's best history teachers, and the **Pierre Berton Award** to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the ***Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation***.

Letters

Admirable women

Wow! *The Beaver* has discovered Molly Bobak. And I, for one, am absolutely delighted, having worked closely with Molly on *Double Duty: The Diaries and Sketchbooks of Molly Lamb Bobak* some years ago. The fact that the book was also cited at the end of Philip Jensen's excellent celebration of Molly and her many accomplishments only added to my pleasure. In his obviously recent conversation with her in Victoria, it was abundantly clear that she hasn't lost one whit of her zest for life or her sparkling sense of humour. The photos of her beach scenes juxtaposed to her official (and unofficial) wartime sketches and paintings were a perfect testimonial to one of our true – and still largely unsung – national treasures.

Then, as I read on, another surprise. The excellent and revealing article on Hilda Neatby, a woman whom I admired enormously, first as the author of *So Little for the Mind* and later as a mentor and friend. Author James Pitsula's recognition of her great contribution to the realm of educational critique and to Canadian culture in general couldn't have been more timely.

Long live the *Beaver*!

CAROLYN GOSSAGE
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Not enough for the mind

At the end of his excellent article on Hilda Neatby ["The Courage of Her Convictions," October/November 2003], James Pitsula observed that Neatby's *So Little for the Mind* (1953) left a mark on Canadian culture that has "not been entirely blotted out." Indeed. In the 1980s, for example, a group of education professors at Saskatchewan's two universities published a collection of critical essays dedicated to Neatby's memory, inspired in part by her abiding commitment to the ideals of liberal education.

The target of these essays was a massive (and costly) curriculum reform initiative the province had then recently launched and that was projected to bring Saskatchewan public education into the twenty-first century. Out of this initiative had come an elaborate "Goals of Education" statement and a proposed K–12 compulsory core curriculum designed ostensibly to achieve these goals. The purpose of the essays was to show just how seriously flawed the initiative was and to suggest some alternatives for dealing more responsibly with curriculum reform.

The *Directions* report in general, and its proposals for curriculum change in particular, seemed oddly oblivious to the central aim of schooling – the development of mind – and surprisingly inept in arguing how such an aim could be achieved, seeming content instead to embrace a child-centred ideology with its largely anti-intellectualist agenda. This, of course, was exactly Neatby's earlier concern about the misdirection of public education that she had boldly challenged in the 1950s. In the intervening decades it seemed that not a lot had changed in the attitudes and thinking of those responsible for schooling Saskatchewan children.

The title of this collection, reminiscent of Neatby's, was *So Much for the Mind: A Case Study in Provincial Curriculum Development* (1987). Deliberately ironic in tone, it was framed to capture both the dismissiveness with which the whole initiative had treated the "development of mind", as well as the essayists' incredulity over what was happening under the guise of curriculum reform.

DOUGLAS STEWART, PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION
REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

A'peeling photo

With regard to the Album picture, entitled "Spuds," [October/November 2003], I suspect that the "woman's hand" in question is in fact the hand of a female nurse; the sleeve is very similar to those worn as part of a nursing uniform during that time period.

The gentleman is most likely peeling the potatoes because his wife is not up to preparing the meal. It looks as though someone (likely the gentleman's wife) is in the bed beside him. Take a close look. The mattress is wedged up at the top. As for the idea of the wall being stone, I think it is in fact a log building with some sort of stuffing between the logs to keep the draft out.

I truly enjoy reading the *Beaver*.

FLORENCE E. GREER
THUNDER BAY, ONTARIO

Transatlantic hero

Our mothers, from opposite sides of the

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at <editors@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478– 167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Atlantic, independently regarded Captain Bob as a hero [Encounter, October/November 2003]. It was a delight to read Maura Hanrahan's article with the gripping tale of Captain Bartlett and the *Karluk*.

In my childhood in Clydebank, Scotland, my mother told me of men, lost in the Arctic, who staved off starvation by eating their boots. Her brother, Alex Mackay, was a schoolmate of Bill McKinlay, the magnetician and only member of the scientific party to survive the ill-fated journey of Stefansson's *Karluk*, becoming Bartlett's trusted right-hand man during the desperate months on Wrangel Island. In McKinlay's school days he had a reputation for "sparring verbally with the science teacher." McKinlay, who lived on the next street, was a hero to my mother during her teens, although she never saw his detailed manuscript as he purposely delayed publishing it for sixty years.

At the time the *Karluk* was lost, [my wife] Gwyneth's mother and father were living in Cupids, Newfoundland, on the inlet adjacent to Brigus and were friends of the Bartlett family. Captain Bob was a hero to Gwyneth's mother and to all Newfoundlanders. Forty years later, Gwyneth and I met in Canada and married, without knowing of our mothers' shared association with Captain Bartlett's story, even though for years we have lived and breathed the lore of Arctic travel, finding many coincidences connecting northern travelers. For example, the independent Scottish botanist and photographer, Isobel Hutchison, a regular correspondent with Stefansson, collected wildflowers as avidly as Captain Bob in some of the same Arctic regions. Twenty years after the rescue of the *Karluk* survivors by Lt. Dempwolf on his ship *Bear*, Isobel spent a month in Nome awaiting a passage north, and developed a friendship with the Lomen brothers whose photograph of Captain Bartlett illustrates your article. Three years later, she was in the Aleutian Islands, and then Commodore Dempwolf arranged for her to travel on a US Coast Guard vessel to the farthest islands of the archipelago. As a result of this adventure, Isobel Hutchison became the voice of the BBC at the time of Japanese invasion of the Aleutians in 1942. She is the subject of the biography, *Flowers in the Snow* [written by Gwyneth Hoyle and reviewed in the *Beaver*, Feb/Mar 2002].

ALEX (AND GWYNETH) HOYLE
PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO

Wrong war, right rifle

The article on Sam Hughes was fine, turning up new, sometimes comic, aspects of his career.

What most interested me, though, was the life and death of his Ross rifle. Yours was as balanced an article as any I've read about this industrial disaster. An interesting aspect of this too-fine-for-the-trenches rifle is that Ross had experience with a machine-gun unit in the Boer War. He may have watched the Boers, with their up-to-date Mauser rifles, picking off Brits and Canucks at will and beyond the range of the Brit rifles. His Ross .280 was in the wrong war! It would have been a triumph on the open veldt.

JOE MARTIN
WAKEFIELD, QUEBEC

Going postal

I look forward to viewing the travelling exhibit "Mail, Rail And Retail" when it comes to British Columbia [December/January 2003]. The catchpost described, however, was designed to *pick up* mail and not, as the author says, to drop off mail. At towns where the railway did not have a scheduled stop, the local postmaster rigged the outgoing mail bag on a post. As the train sped by, a catching arm was deployed from the side of the train that "caught" the mail bag. At the same time, a mail clerk on the train dropped incoming mail onto the station platform. The full story of mail catching posts is contained in *On Track: The Railway Mail Service in Canada* by Susan McLeod O'Reilly, published by the Museum of Civilization (1992).

CECIL C. COUTTS
ABBOTSFORD, B.C.

CORRECTIONS On the contents page of the December 2003 / January 2004 issue, both the volume number and cover credit are incorrect. The volume and issue number should read **Vol. 83:6**; the cover credit should read: ***The Western "Hongs" or "Factories," Canton*, by an unknown Chinese artist, circa 1780 / Courtesy Martyn Gregory Gallery, London**. The photo of Cuyler Page, p. 5, should be credited to Stuart Bish Photography/Design.

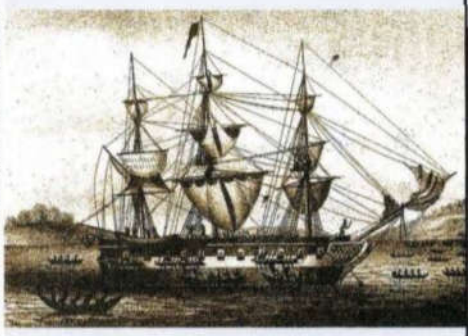
More Letters The *Beaver* website offers a new section for letters to the editor. To see letters that may only be available online, go to <www.thebeaver.ca>, and click on "Extra! Extra!" to get to the "Letterbox" section.

DISCOVERY

Anchor a way

In June 1811, hundreds of Tla-o-qui-aht people were living at the village of Echachist near present-day Tofino on the west coast of Vancouver Island. When the twenty-nine metre American ship *Tonquin* – sent by American merchant John Jacob Astor to challenge the North West Company's trade on the Pacific Coast – pulled into their waters, they were ready to trade sea-otter furs for guns and beautiful glass beads.

Many canoes quickly surrounded the



COURTESY STAUFFER LIBRARY, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON

ship. Furs were stacked upon the deck until they reached the height of the gun desired. The visitors were getting a good deal, until the natives wanted to give a foot or so less pelts for the guns. They wanted more beads than they were being offered, too. The appropriately named Captain Jonathan Thorn reacted by slapping their chief across the face with an otter pelt. After decades of mostly disrespect from newcomers, Chief Nuuk-mis and his people felt it was the last straw. They attacked. The *Tonquin*'s fate was sealed by a crewman-turned-suicide-bomber who set his cargo of gunpowder alight, killing and maiming a great number of natives and eventually sinking the ship, dimming Astor's hope of dominating the fur trade in the Pacific Northwest.

Decades later, searches began for the sunken ship, but nothing tangible was ever uncovered. The last dives ended in 1983. But last summer, a crab line became snagged on something metal sticking out of the sand. It was an anchor, encrusted with blue, Venetian glass trading beads. Experts confirmed the anchor and the beads (which adhered to the metal over time) to be from the *Tonquin* era, though not – so far – demonstrably from the *Tonquin* itself. However the find has proved sufficiently exciting to renew the search for the *Tonquin*'s remains, with the recently

formed Tonquin Foundation, composed of Tofino and Victoria residents and Tla-o-qui-aht First Nations representatives, leading the way.

Also attached to the anchor was a wooden stock in mint condition, made of both red and white oak. Marks show where its maker used a chisel. Even a textile wrapping exists: protective canvas wound around the anchor ring to prevent chafing of the rope. Marine archaeologist Kevin Robinson, consultant to the Tonquin Foundation, points to this as a direct connection to the crew and their handiwork during ship's daily maintenance.

He adds: "With a shipwreck site, especially one with a high degree of preservation of wooden and other organic objects, there is a strong chance of being able to study trade goods, clothing, tools, weapons, elements of the ship's rigging and structure that together represent the material culture of the [sea otter] fur traders, and perhaps to some extent the First Nation people they traded with, and warred with. To use a well-worn cliché, a shipwreck is a time capsule. As it stands, there is no such time capsule which represents the maritime fur trade, which was the first and most powerful economic and political interaction between these cultures for decades, starting with Captain Cook."

The new search begins where the anchor was found. If more artifacts are detected, a magnetometre and a sub-bottom profiler will be on their way to Clayoquot Sound.

Meanwhile, the Tonquin Foundation plans to display the anchor in a small building, likely on Tofino's village green. This will be the only conservation facility on Canada's West Coast that preserves large metal objects. The anchor will be submerged in a sodium hydroxide solution and have an electrical current passed through it. This electrolysis ultimately will leach out all harmful salts that have been absorbed during centuries of immersion in salt water.

Another plan is to build a native-run heritage centre to house the artifacts and help create a broader understanding of Clayoquot Sound, its peoples and past. Says foundation secretary treasurer Joe Martin, a direct descendant of Chief Nuuk-mis, "This discovery means commemorating our shared history."

—Chris Lowther

ACQUISITION

Cellar to seller to sold

Well, whew! Last fall, staff at Balliol College,

LIVING HISTORY

The movements are animallike—quick, strong, and accurate. In fact, they resemble those of a horse. In the Fancy Dance, the dancer bucks and lurches to the rhythm of a low and vibrating drum, covered from head to toe in feathers, bright sequins, and a rainbow of ribbons.

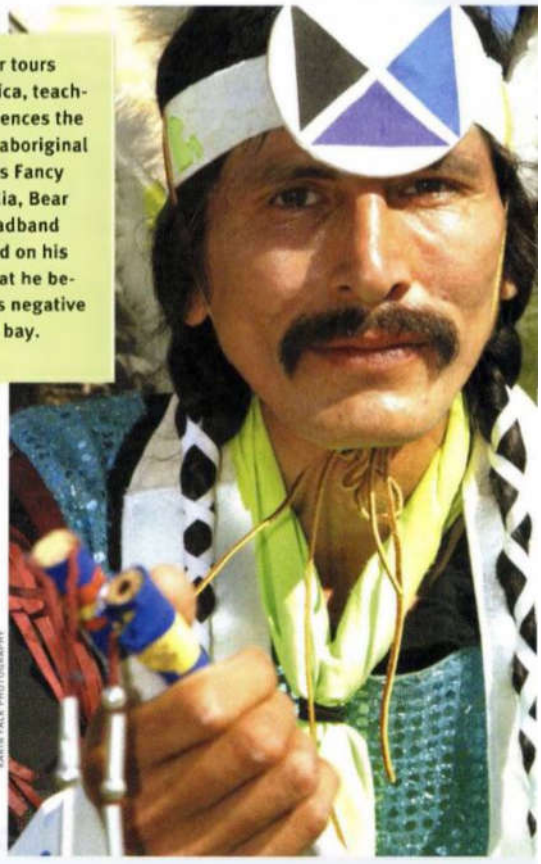
KARIN FALK PHOTOGRAPHY

The Fancy Dance was created in the southern United States in the early part of the twentieth century. Sources claim that the dance came out of a desire to entertain visitors to the aboriginal reservations.

George Bear can remember the first time he saw an aboriginal dancer. At the age of seven, living on the Brokenhead Ojibway reserve, north of Winnipeg, Bear watched in awe as a visitor to his elementary school danced the Fancy Dance. Not knowing it was inappropriate, "I went up and started to dance with him, and then pulled on his feathers." Bear would eventually have his own feathers, become a dancer himself, and teach schoolchildren about his craft.

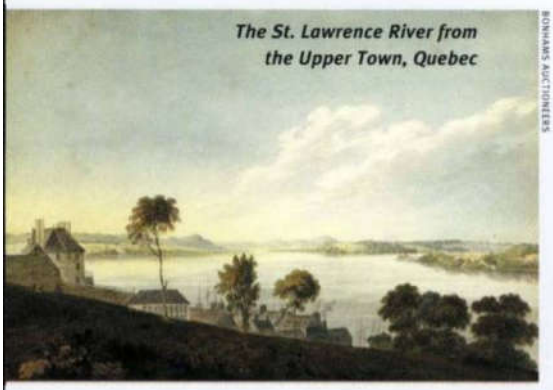
In 1974, Bear moved with his family to Winnipeg, and soon after, joined his brothers in a group for aboriginal youth. It was there that Bear, then fourteen, says he learned to sing powwow and gained a greater appreciation for his culture. It was also in this group that Bear attempted to dance for the first time; twin brothers from the Pas, Manitoba, demonstrated their talents as hoop dancers, and Bear was hooked. By 1983, Bear was leading a hoop-dancing program for youth in Flin Flon, Manitoba, and performing at various fairs and festivals. He hasn't stopped dancing since.

Today, Bear tours Canada and the United States, dancing at schools, in festivals, and in competitions. He is committed to teaching others about aboriginal dance, giving them a deeper understanding of and appreciation for his culture. "I want to show them how aboriginal people have changed over generations, how we've changed and evolved."



KARIN FALK PHOTOGRAPHY

George Bear tours North America, teaching his audiences the wonders of aboriginal dance. In his Fancy Dance regalia, Bear sports a headband with a shield on his forehead that he believes keeps negative thoughts at bay.



The St. Lawrence River from the Upper Town, Quebec

BONHAMS AUCTIONEERS

Oxford, were clearing their cellars of a lot of old rubbish when they stumbled upon a parcel with the legend "Drawings by Genl Fisher etc" in a nineteenth-century hand on the outside. The parcel was filthy, but secure, and appeared not to have been opened since it was sewn up 150 years ago. Once the wrappings were removed, several layers of thick coarse paper came to light. Each layer was painted, it turned out, with a rare landscape of eighteenth-century Canada. A little academic detective work revealed the paintings, some of which depict the oldest known views of Montreal and Quebec City, were the work of Major-General Benjamin Fisher (1753–1814), who served in the Royal Engineers and was posted to, among other places, Canada and the West Indies. Fisher was more than a soldier, however. He and his brothers were talented watercolourists; the eldest of them, John, later bishop of Salisbury, was a friend and patron of John Constable. Benjamin himself was posted to Canada to make drawings of local fortifications and report back. His collection includes views of Quebec from Point Lévis, the St. Lawrence River from Upper Quebec, Montmorency Falls, and Niagara Falls. The paintings were bequeathed to General Fisher's daughter Elizabeth, who married Sir John Conroy, a Fellow at Balliol, which is likely how they ended up gathering dust in Oxford.

And now for the "well, whew!" part: the pictures – twelve of them, all in superb condition – went up for auction recently at Bonham's in Bond Street, priced between £1,500 and £8,000 each. Anyone could have snapped them up, and they might have fallen into private hands. But the Library and Archives of Canada and the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec got in in the nick of time. So the views of Canada are now in Canada and will be available to all in the fullness of time.

On Record

Many Canadian nationalists harbour the bizarre fear that should we ever reject royalty, we would instantly mutate into Americans, as though the Canadian sense of self is so frail and delicate a bud, that the only thing stopping it from being swallowed whole by the U.S. is an English lady in a funny hat.

–Will Ferguson

Building

Architect Henry Saxon Snell, a British hospital specialist, based his plan for Montreal's magnificent Royal Victoria Hospital on Edinburgh's Royal Infirmary to please the hospital's benefactors, Scottish-born cousins Donald Smith and George Stephen, both of whom were instrumental in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Constructed on the south slope of Mount Royal and opened in 1893, the Royal Victoria is Canada's premier example of the so-called pavilion plan, popular throughout the British Empire from the late nineteenth century to the 1930s, whose hallmarks included long, narrow wings with open, thirty-two-bed wards (as opposed to today's double-loaded corridors with smaller rooms or wards). For the Royal Victoria, Snell created a version of the "Scottish baronial style," which showcased thick masonry walls and steep copper roofs, punctuated with dormer windows. The round turrets marking the corners of the hospital wings were a particularly British

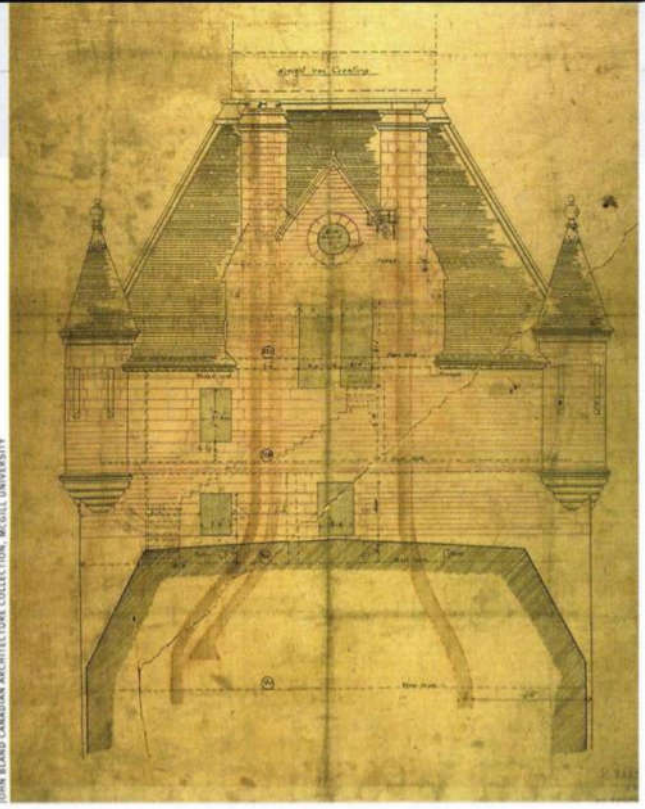
Moment

SOUND EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

February 4, 1963: Canada meets the Beatles. Chances are, Canadians *d'un certain age* will recall the February night in 1964 when the Beatles first performed on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Although it was just dawning on viewers south of the border that this would be the biggest British invasion since the War of 1812, Canadian teens were already in the throes of Beatlemania. So how did we manage to scoop the Yanks on the biggest pop culture phenomenon of the '60s?

Popular music in the pre-CRTC era, like much of Canadian culture, was a hodgepodge of imported products. While American hits perennially peppered the charts, Canada had long proved a fertile market for British artists of every description, from the London Symphony to Cliff Richard and the Shadows. This deep-rooted affinity for music from the "Mother Country" ensured that the Liverpool lads would find ready listeners in British North America.

By early 1963, the Beatles were provoking riots at home. American record executives had so far managed to ignore the pandemonium across the pond, but not Paul White, vice president of Capitol Canada, a division of the Beatles' British label, EMI. White, who vetted EMI's musical offerings for Canadian consumption, liked their "fresh new sound," and pushed for a quick domestic release. "Love Me Do / P.S. I Love You" hit Canadian record stores on February 4, 1963, making it the first Beatles single in North America. Though the band was soon playlisted by a handful of American radio stations, Capitol U.S.



JOHN BLAND CANADIAN ARCHITECTURE COLLECTION, MCGILL UNIVERSITY

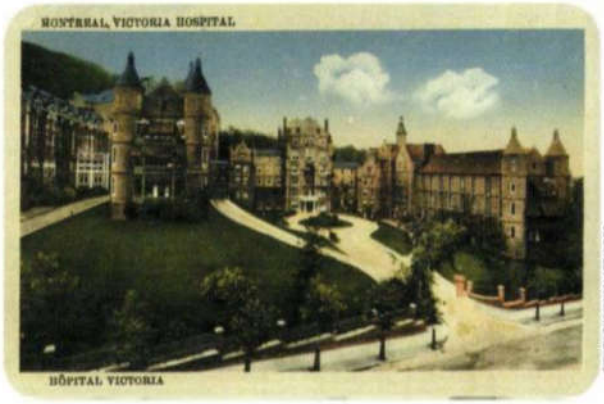
H. Saxon Snell & Son, elevation detail, administration building, Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, September 1890

feature of the building. Snell's stunning drawings, recently uncovered in the hospital, reveal that these towers once housed toilets. (Today, they serve multiple functions.)

The heritage value of the Royal Victoria derives, too, from the pedigrees of the architects of subsequent additions. Boston- and Toronto-based architects Stevens & Lee, who dominated the field of hospital architecture in North America in the interwar period, designed two major pavilions on the site, the Ross Memorial Pavilion for private patients and the Royal Victoria Montreal Maternity Hospital. A host of well-known Modernists worked on the hospital's physical plant in the post-World War II period, offsetting the castle-like hospital with sleek, white multistorey towers.

The Royal Victoria, however, may soon be vacant. It is one of five Montreal healthcare institutions, now part of the McGill University Health Centre, scheduled to move to a proposed "superhospital," in 2010. As such, it is one of dozens of Canadian hospitals either abandoned (Grace Hospital in St. John's, the old Halifax Infirmary, Mount Sinai Sanatorium in Ste-Agathe-des-Monts, Quebec) or demolished (Calgary General Hospital and Toronto General Hospital's T.J. Bell Pavilion – both significant illustrations of Modern hospital design) with few or no plans for re-use.

— Annmarie Adams, associate professor at McGill University's school of architecture.



COURTESY ANNMARIE ADAMS

would not get in on the act for more than a year.

Within a matter of months, the Beatles – and a host of fellow British rockers – were climbing the charts from Halifax to Victoria. What followed can only be described as a musical explosion. Teenagers everywhere dropped schoolbooks and hockey sticks, and picked up cheap department-store electric guitars. Garages and basements on every block echoed with amplified sounds as impromptu rock-and-roll groups manned by fervent John, Paul, George, and Ringo imitators "erupted," in the words of one rock critic, "like coast-to-coast acne." Hundreds of these amateur "garage bands" would form, then lapse into obscurity (often deservedly) after a handful of gigs or a single regional hit.

Recording studios and promoters were few and far between in 1960s Canada, and many groups were forced to make the proverbial trek to the States to cut a single. Eventually, the overwhelming pool of homegrown talent spurred the creation of numerous independent record labels across the country. Toronto's Red Leaf and Yorkville Records, Ottawa-based Sir John A. Records, Winnipeg's Eagle Records, and Quebec's Trans-Canada, Jupiter, and Carrousel labels, to name just a few, gave many aspiring Canadian musicians a shot at radio airplay.

Today, most of these Beatles-inspired bands are known only to record collectors. But the excitement (and infrastructure) they created effectively launched the modern Canadian pop music industry. A fortunate few, like Winnipeg's Guess Who and Ottawa's Staccatos (later the Five Man Electrical Band), and singer-songwriters Neil Young and David Clayton Thomas of Blood, Sweat and Tears, would go on to international fame, paving the way for future Canadian artists. And it all began with one well-timed "45."

— Matthew R. Laird

ONLINE

DeeCeeBee

Here at *Beaver* HQ, the volumes of the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* rest in their own little alcove bathed in a golden light cast by many (oh, many!) votive candles.

Alright, that's not *factually* true, but it's *emotionally* true – some indication of the respect with which the thorough, accurate, and readable DCB, as it is more fondly known, is held around here, and among those devoted to Canadian history. Published intermittently (volume I in 1966, volume XIV,

the latest, in 1998), the DCB covers the sweep of Canadian history from the precontact period to – so far – 1920, with more to come. The DCB, as the back cover of Volume I declares, is to be "maintained ... in perpetuity."

Well, perpetuity has received a boost. The *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* is now online at <www.biographi.ca>. Lovely as the buff-coloured tomes are, they will no longer have to be lugged around, nor will one have to motor to the local library to crack open a text.

CONTROVERSY

Medieval map reconsidered

The authenticity of a medieval map that shows North America – some sixty years before the arrival of Christopher Columbus – has been questioned for some thirty years.

But new research suggests the so-called Vinland map may be genuine.

The map charts the known world in the fifteenth century and identifies lands west of

PAPER TRAIL

For students of psychology, Dr. William George Metcalf is likely a well-known name. A prominent Ontario psychiatrist, Metcalf is recognized for his innovative contributions

to more humane ways of caring for the psychologically ill – treating them as patients in a hospital rather than prison inmates. But there is another part of Metcalf's story that has garnered him a place in Canada's historical consciousness: his murder.

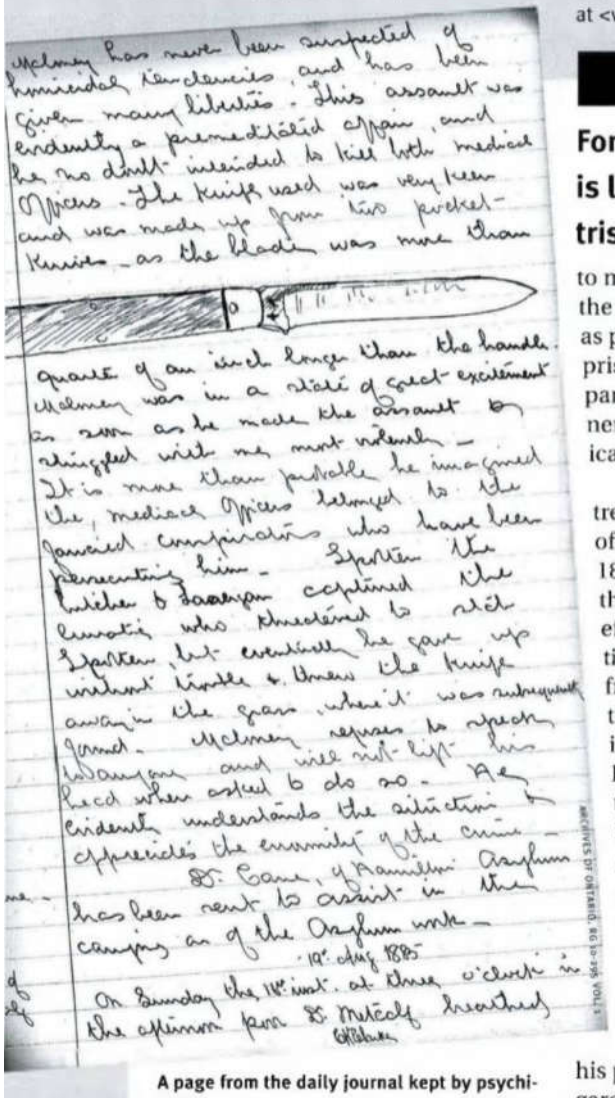
After centuries of brutal mistreatment of the mentally ill by way of restraint, psychiatrists of the late 1870s and early 1880s (especially in the United States) believed a more effective means of treating these patients would be to allow them more freedom. Dr. Metcalf adhered to this school of thought, and as medical superintendent of Kingston's Rockwood Asylum (later renamed the Kingston Psychiatric Hospital), brought the practice to Canada, applying the principles of nonrestraint at Rockwood. Metcalf also felt that occupational and work therapies combined with regular entertainment greatly benefited psychiatric patients. The kind of activities he implemented for his patients ranged from tending the garden, which supplied the kitchen, to dances and concerts.

During Metcalf's tenure as superintendent, the Rockwood Asylum gained an international reputation as a model for psychiatric hospitals, earning him the respect of his medical colleagues throughout Canada and the United States. Sadly, Metcalf's life and career were cut short. On August 13, 1885, a paranoid patient who was enjoying the policies of nonrestraint stabbed Metcalf in the abdomen, and the doctor died a few days later on August 16, 1885. He was thirty-eight.

Metcalf kept a superintendent's journal, documenting hospital administration, daily rounds of the wards, medical treatments, and the admission, transfer, and death of patients. After the stabbing, journal entries were composed by Metcalf's assistant, Dr. C.K. Clarke, who chronicled the tragic incident.

Clarke recorded all the shocking details, complete with a life-size diagram of the weapon, and included subsequent newspaper clippings. Clarke went on to become a well-known psychiatrist, for whom the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry (now part of the Centre for Addiction and Mental Health in Toronto) is named.

Our thanks to Joseph Solovitch, Senior Archivist, Health/Social Portfolio at the Archives of Ontario, who provided the document and information.


Mckinney has never been suspected of homicidal tendencies, and has been given many liberties. This assault was evidently a premeditated affair, and he no doubt intended to kill both medical Officers. The knife used was very keen and was made up from two pocket-knives - as the blade was more than

quarter of an inch longer than the handle. Mckinney was in a state of great excitement as soon as he made the assault & struggled with me most violently - It is more than probable he imagined the Medical Officers belonged to the fancied conspiracies who have been persecuting him - Upon the Orderly attempting to disarm & capture the Lunatic who threatened to kill Upton, but eventually he gave up without trouble & threw the knife away in the grass where it was subsequently found - Mckinney refuses to speak a word when asked to do so - He evidently understands the situation & appreciates the enormity of the crime -

Mr. Crane, of Hamilton Asylum has been sent to assist in the carrying on of the Asylum work -

19th day 1885

On Sunday the 16th inst. at three o'clock in the afternoon Dr. Metcalf breathed

A page from the daily journal kept by psychiatrist William George Metcalf. It is part of an entry dated August 15, 1885 written not by Metcalf, but by his assistant who details the violent attack against him.

Greenland as "Vinilandia Insula," which scholars believe represents Newfoundland, Labrador, or Baffin Island. The name "Vinland" comes from the Latin text on the map that recounts Bjarni and Leif Ericson discovering "a new land, extremely fertile and even having vines."

The latest analysis shows the parchment's ink is medieval, which, if true, makes the map the oldest cartographic representation showing Canada.

"It means there's more to the history of map-making of some parts of Canada than we previous have in our history books," says Jacqueline Olin, whose report appeared in the scientific journal *Analytical Chemistry* in December.

Olin's analysis may turn the tide on the debate on whether the map, which belongs to Yale University, is real or a forgery – a raging dispute since the 1970s when researcher Walter McCrone found the ink contained anatase, a mineral common in inks after 1920.

In 2002, British researchers concluded the map was a twentieth-century fake after analyzing the chemical composition of the ink.

Olin disputes those conclusions and, based on her own research, suggests the so-called modern chemicals in the ink are a by-product of the medieval ink manufacturing process.

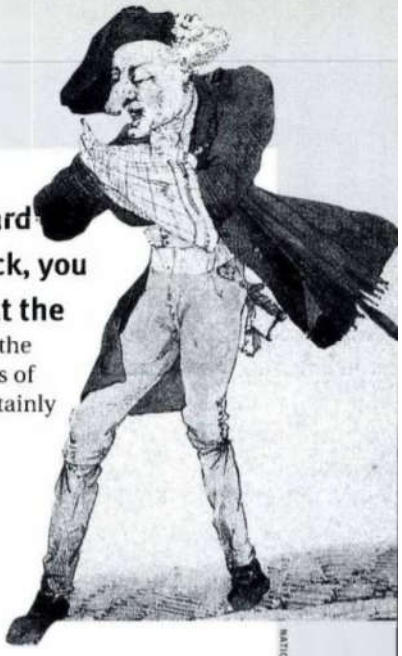
While authenticity is always difficult to prove, Olin says "the evidence that this is a forgery is almost nil."

Other work lends credence to the map's suggested medieval origins. The parchment has been carbon-dated to 1434, give or take eleven years, and boasts features such as a watermark that links the map to the Catholic Church's Council of Basel, convened between 1431 and 1449. —Doug Alexander

FACTOID

Michael Moore films have roots in the Canadian North. The world's first documentary film, *Nanook of the North*, was shot on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay in 1922.

OLDWAYS



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE, HISTORY OF MEDICINE DIVISION

When you start to see that big St. Bernard on TV with the NeoCitran around his neck, you know you're in the midst of winter and at the height of cold and flu season. And while the cure to the common cold is not simply looped around the necks of household pets, the remedies we have today are certainly more easily accessible than those of yesteryear.

Cough syrup Take horehound herb, elecampane root, spikenard root, ginseng root, black cohosh, and skunk cabbage root, of each a good-sized handful. Bruise and cover with spirits or whisky, and let stand ten days; then put all in a suitable vessel, add about four quarts of water and simmer slowly over a fire (but don't boil) for twelve hours, or till reduced to about three pints, then strain and add one pint of strained honey, half a pint each of number six, tincture lobelia, and tincture bloodroot (the vinegar or acetic tincture of bloodroot is the best) and four ounces of strong essence of anise, and you will have one of the best cough syrups known. Dose: A tablespoonful three to six times a day, according to circumstances. Good in all kinds of coughs and incipient consumption.

Fever Powder Take finely pulverized gum myrrh, bloodroot, and lobelia seed, or ipecac, of each half an ounce; gum camphor and nitre, of each two drams. Pulverize, mix, and rub well together in a mortar, and bottle for use. Dose: Three to five grains every hour or two during fever. Good to allay the excitement, act on the skin and promote perspiration; also a good expectorant powder in coughs, colds, pneumonia, and oppressed breathing. *(The Ladies' Book of Useful Information, 1896)*

Cure for bronchitis If you have this try the following cure. Stand up with your back to the kitchen door. (I do not know if another door will work or not). Measure your exact height on the door and mark it. Then bore a hole through the door at the mark. With your back to the door again, push a lock of your hair through the hole and fasten it there with a plug or cork. Cut off the lock of hair with a knife and leave it there. You must not cut the hair off before it is fastened to the door. It seems as if you have to be fastened to the door by the hair. As long as the hair is left in the hole in the door you will never suffer from bronchitis again. I have seen a door with the hair and the plug in it. (Helen Creighton fonds, Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management)

So would these cures have worked? As for the recipe for cough syrup, Dr. Colin J. Briggs of the Faculty of Pharmacy at the University of Manitoba says this aromatic herbal remedy would have indeed been effective. There are ingredients in the elecampane root and black cohosh (extracted by the alcohol found in whiskey) that would have eased a nagging cough; the horehound, elecampane, spikenard, skunk cabbage, bloodroot, lobelia, and anise would have helped to clear catarrh – the inflammation of mucous membranes; and the alcohol in the tinctures would have acted as a preservative. However, this cure contains too many ingredients by contemporary standards.

Powders are no longer popular, and the medications we have today for treating a fever are far more effective than the one outlined here. But this remedy would not have been totally useless, says Briggs. Bloodroot, lobelia, ipecac, and myrrh are expectorant ingredients, the lobelia promoted perspiration, the camphor had a cooling effect, and the nitre (potassium nitrate) increased perspiration and worked as a mild calmative. As for pulling your hair through the kitchen door, well, no need to comment here.

On Record

Life, and history, are a continuum, a seamless texture of future becoming present becoming past. So history is a false order imposed upon an immensely complicated reality; it is an arbitrary, and doubtless haphazard, selection of what really was.

—P.B. Waite, historian, *Canada: 1874–1896, Arduous Destiny* (1971).

I don't even know what street Canada is on.

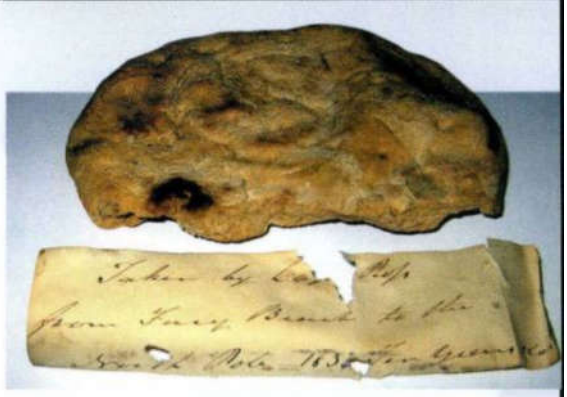
—Al Capone (1899–1947), American gangster who smuggled alcohol from Canada during Prohibition, denying affiliation with his northern neighbour.

Factoid

Extra! Extra! Read all about it! During the War of 1812, British generals read all about their enemies' movements ... in the newspaper! American newspapers printed military movements as well as official correspondence detailing various operations, providing a prime intelligence source to their British enemies. In 1814, the publication of military information in newspapers was forbidden.

Artifact

It's the unlikeliest of artifacts to survive from the daily life of the sailor. But *hardtack*, once the staple of every seaman's diet, and the subject of many curses, was baked to last. And the Vancouver Maritime Museum has three samples, one of them nearly two hundred years old.



What exactly is hardtack? It's unleavened bread, baked dense and to the point where every conceivable drop of moisture is gone. Dried and durable, it could last for months, even years. Since wheat flour is more than ten percent protein, and includes vitamin B, hardtack was a logical staple for prolonged voyages and extensive military campaigns.

But while a staple, hardtack was not always popular. Packed away in barrels for years, it could grow mouldy or become infested with maggots. And it was tooth-breaking hard. In 1848, Horace Putnam, a seaman aboard the ship *La Plata*, complained in his journal that his diet included "biscuits that would make good protection for house roofs instead of slate ... being much harder and consequently more durable."

Durable, indeed, and many maritime museums boast venerable specimens of hardtack in their collections. The Vancouver Maritime Museum's three biscuits have interesting and varied histories. The oldest biscuit, partially nibbled away, is a relic of three Arctic voyages, two of which nearly ended in disaster. Packed away in a barrel and loaded into the hold of HMS *Fury*, the biscuit sailed with William Edward Parry's third expedition in search of the Northwest Passage in May 1824. Caught by ice and pushed ashore on Somerset Island, *Fury* was stripped by her crew. The ship's stores and equipment, cached on the beach, were left behind as Parry fled the advancing ice in the now overcrowded HMS *Hecla*, his only other ship.

The supplies on "Fury Beach" helped save the lives of another expedition, led by Captain John Ross. Stranded when their ship, *Victory*, was trapped by ice, Ross, his nephew James Clark Ross, and a crew of twenty-two trekked more than 240 kilometres across the barren landscape to reach *Fury's* cache. James Clark Ross saved the biscuit in the Maritime Museum's collection. A note in his handwriting explains that after *Victory's* crew was rescued in 1833, he carried it with him as a sort of good luck charm on other voyages that probed the coast of Antarctica and later searched for the lost Franklin expedition. A descendant of Captain Ross donated the much-travelled hardtack to the museum.

Another, more modern specimen is a century younger. An inscription on it explains it is a souvenir of the SS *Bright Fan* of London, sunk in Hudson Straits on October 1, 1932. The third biscuit is inscribed 1864, and is said to come from the stores of the Scottish fishing vessel *Resolute*. However, its most interesting characteristics were revealed by an electron microscopic examination of the biscuit several years ago. The scan showed that the biscuit's flour is filled with ground-up mites, corroborating the queasy suspicions of sailors of generations long past.

More information is available from the Vancouver Maritime Museum at <www.vmm.bc.ca> or at <www.vancouvermaritimemuseum.com>.

Take the day off

February 8: To commemorate the formation 400 years ago of the de Monts Trading Company, the first chartered company in what would become Canada, by Pierre du Gua de Monts, which included among its members Samuel de Champlain. Buy cheap, sell dear.

February 13: To note the first use in 1759 of the secret ballot in any British Territory, in the Nova Scotia legislature. Beware of hanging chads.

March 23: To mark Foster Hewitt's 1923 debut as a hockey announcer, over the *Toronto Star's* radio station CCFCA. Repeat his famous line. (You know what it is.)

March 27: To observe the 1883 designation of Pile O' Bones as the capital of the North-West Territories. Reconsider Juliet's question: "What's in a name?"

Catherine Carstairs on

The Racist Roots of Canada's Drug Laws

In 2003, the Canadian government allowed a safe-injection site to open in Vancouver's downtown Eastside and began providing medical marijuana to a select group of patients. The minister of justice introduced a bill to decriminalize the possession of less than fifteen grams of marijuana. This liberal approach to drug policy, much criticized by our American neighbours, stands in stark contrast to the extremely harsh drug laws that Canada passed in the early part of the twentieth century.

Canada's strict drug laws were not the result of a particularly large or alarming drug problem. In fact, opiate use was likely on the decline. In the middle of the nineteenth century, doctors created many addicts by relieving their patients' suffering with opiates (opium, morphine, and heroin). As doctors grew aware of the dangers of addiction in the 1890s, they became more cautious in their prescriptions, and by the turn of the century, the number of medically created addicts was decreasing.

But Canadians were growing increasingly uneasy about drug use of all kinds, including alcohol. In the eighteenth century, Canadians drank heavily and heartily, but in the early nineteenth century, temperance crusades led thousands to take the pledge. In the latter part of the century, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, outraged by drunken violence and men who spent their pay on booze, reinvigorated the campaign against demon rum. In 1878, the Canada Temperance Act allowed any county or municipality to prohibit the retail sale of alcohol. In 1898, Canadians voted in favour of national prohibition in a national plebiscite, although Parliament did not implement it until World War I.

Ideas about the harmfulness of alcohol easily transferred to other mind-altering substances, and by the late nineteenth century, there was growing unease about opiates, especially their use by the much-despised Chinese. Opium smoking was widespread in China, and immigrants brought the habit with them to Canada. Some whites were tempted by the exotic opium pipes, and at the turn of the century, there were at least seven Chinese-run opium factories operating in Canada, serving both white and Chinese smokers. For most Chinese, opium-smoking was a relatively harmless diversion from the hard reality of their daily lives.

But racism against the Chinese was fierce, and Canadians were quick to criticize their opium smoking and blame them for drug use among whites. This added to white complaints about the Chinese willingness to work for low wages and their perceived unsanitary habits.

In 1907, after a summer of mounting anti-Asian activism, several thousand white Vancouverites assembled for an anti-Asian parade on September 7. Some participants drifted into Chinatown, where the crowd smashed windows with stones and bricks. Another crowd attacked the Japanese quarter. The government sent Deputy Minister of Labour William Lyon Mackenzie King to investigate the riots and the claims for compensation. King, a temperance supporter, was shocked when a number of opium manufacturers submitted claims. In his report, he warned that opium smoking was spreading to white women and girls. He reviewed the progress of the anti-opium movement in China, the United States, England, and Japan, leaving the impression that Canada was far behind in this international moral reform movement. A few weeks later, the government introduced legislation prohibiting the manufacture, sale, and importation of opium for other than medicinal purposes. The legislation passed without debate.

In 1909–10, King attended the meetings of the International Opium Commission in Shanghai. In 1911, now the minister of labour, he introduced new legislation to bring Canada's laws in line with the resolutions passed by the commission. The legislation also addressed police demands that more drastic measures were needed to stop opium smoking, and the concerns of Children's Aid Society workers in Montreal about the spread of cocaine among young men and women. The possession of opium, cocaine, morphine, and heroin for nonmedical purposes became an offence carrying a maximum penalty of one year's imprisonment and a $500 fine. There were no minimum penalties.

The penalties became much more severe in the early 1920s when a massive drug panic, closely tied to a renewed campaign for Chinese Exclusion, swept the nation. It started when the practiced social reformer Emily Murphy published a series of five sensationalist articles in *Maclean's* magazine. In them, she described the physical and moral deterioration of addicts and explained that drug use led white women to sleep with blacks and Asians, posing a serious threat to the white race. The first article was accompanied by a spooky drawing of a hand with long fingernails holding a Chinese tablet, a picture of a wizened Asian man with smoke coming out of his ears, and a photo of an Asian man smoking a pipe, making it clear that this was a Chinese menace.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

THE GRAVE DRUG MENACE

By EMILY F. MURPHY

Foreword

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Her campaign was taken up with force in Vancouver in March 1921, when returned soldier Joseph Kehoe pleaded guilty to eight charges of robbery with violence; he was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary and twenty-four lashes. Kehoe had been a medical student when he enlisted at the very start of the war. In April 1915 he was gassed and taken prisoner at Ypres. Kehoe reported that the Germans put him to work in a munitions factory, but he refused to take part in work that would be used to harm his fellow Allied soldiers. After serving sixteen months in a military prison, he was discharged in 1919. He became an addict after returning to Canada.

Sympathy for soldiers was high, and the newspapers painted Kehoe as a helpless victim of the drug traffickers. Vancouverites, especially returned soldiers, immediately began protesting Kehoe's sentence. The Comrades of the Great War passed a resolution opposing light sentences in the case of dope peddlers. The coverage quickly took an anti-Chinese turn. In a front-page article, the *Vancouver Sun* claimed that prominent Chinese businessman Wong Way boasted that he was turning over more than half a million dollar's worth of drugs each year and that he drove one of the best limousines in the city. A week later, Vancouverites held a mass meeting to demand drastic federal action. The following week, at a second meeting, participants called for minimum two-year sentences for first-time traffickers and five years and the lash for a second trafficking offence. They demanded that all aliens convicted of selling drugs be deported and that police be given the right to search for drugs without a warrant.

Within weeks, the minister of health introduced legislation to amend the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act. H.H. Stevens, a Conservative MP from Vancouver South who had participated in the Vancouver meetings, warned that drug traffickers were distributing drugs to schoolchildren. He proposed that people guilty of drug offences be liable to serve sentences as long as seven years and recommended that whipping be added as an additional penalty. Legislators increased maximum sentences for trafficking and possession from one year to seven. In 1922, as the mass campaign gathered steam in Vancouver, Parliament passed legislation that allowed judges to order the deportation of any aliens convicted of possession or trafficking and introduced a jail term of least six months for people convicted of possession or trafficking offences. Police were authorized to search any location except a "dwelling-house" without a warrant if they suspected drugs were present. In 1923, codeine and marijuana were added to the Schedule of Restricted Drugs without debate. The same legislation limited the right to appeal a conviction for possession or trafficking. This flurry of law-making marked a significant turning point in Canada's approach to drug use. By the mid-1920s, drug use had been thoroughly criminalized, both by the law and within the public mind.

The inclusion of marijuana is puzzling, since its use was unheard of in Canada at the time, and there were no seizures of the drug in Canada until 1937. Most scholars and activists argue that it was Emily Murphy's 1922 book, *The Black Candle*, which warned that marijuana addicts were prone to uncontrollable fits of violence and murder, that led the government to include marijuana on the Schedule in 1923. In fact, her book attracted little attention. A more likely answer lies in international developments. The Hague Opium Conference in 1911–12 called for a scientific study of Indian hemp. After international discussions in the early 1920s, hemp was brought under international control with the Geneva Convention (1925). Without much knowledge of the drug, Canada took its cue from those meetings.

Canada's early drug laws were part of an international movement to reduce the supply of illicit drugs, and were in keeping with growing concern about the deleterious effects of all mood-altering substances, including alcohol. The severity of these laws, however, had everything to do with anti-Asian racism and the campaign for Chinese Exclusion. Today, as we reconsider our approach to drugs and contemplate the potential hazards of a more liberal drug policy, it seems wise to remember that Canada's drug problems were not particularly severe before our drug laws went into effect, and that these laws were inspired more by racism than they were by solid concerns about health.

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

Catherine Carstairs is an assistant professor in the History Department at the University of British Columbia. She is completing a book on the history of drug use and drug policy in Canada.

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Arguably Hollywood's first female superstar, Mary Pickford became "America's Sweetheart" playing sweet, innocent, but plucky heroines. Although thirty-three when she shot *Sparrows* (1926), above, she played a young girl saving her fellow orphans from an evil keeper.

Mack Sennett (far left) gave up the Keystone trademark in 1917 in a business partnership dissolution with silent-era notables D.W. Griffith and Thomas H. Ince, and organized his own company, Mack Sennett Comedies. Among his stars was Eddie Quillan (right), who had an enduring career as a character actor in film and television into the 1980s.

Gladys Louise Smith, born April 8, 1892, began her theatre career at the age of eight. As "Baby Gladys," (left, centre) she supported her mother and two younger siblings by performing in theatre troupes that toured the U.S. and Canada. In 1907, she took the name Mary Pickford, and by 1909 had left the stage for the fledgling motion picture industry, going to work at D.W. Griffith's Biograph studios.

New York, 1909.

The creative and hungry from all over the U.S., Canada, and beyond converged upon the city like bees to a honey jar. It had been only fourteen years since the first paying cinema audience had gazed in horror at the image of a full-size train hurtling towards them. The thrill of that Lumière brothers presentation in Paris had sent ripples all around the world. In North America, New York was the first major centre of production.

Public thirst for this magnificent new style of entertainment with its lifelike murders, magic tricks, and amazing stunts needed constant sating. New films were needed – and needed fast.

No entertainment media before or since has had quite the lure as moving pictures in this period. Anyone with a driving hunger to "make it" could stand a realistic chance of at least some kind of work in the industry. Crowd scenes, involving hundreds of extras, were common.

There were no ready-made qualifications for standing in front of a camera. Film actors and actresses had yet to be recognized in the same way as stage performers. And classically trained actors and actresses were suspicious of this new medium, which allowed for only ten-minute storylines and no dialogue. Film actors were rarely even billed. The last thing producers wanted was a "star" who would demand a greater salary to match their drawing power.

Qualities that made a good direc-

The Canadians Who Shaped Hollywood

by Paul Butler

Seventy-five years ago, Canada's Mary Pickford won the Academy Award for best actress in a motion picture. Along with fellow Canadian Mack Sennett, she helped forge the character of Hollywood in the silent era.

tor, producer, or even camera operator had also yet to be defined. And no one was too squeamish about who did what. An actor was free to direct or write. And many writers and directors started as actors.

Into this egalitarian world came two Canadians of working-class origins who would permanently etch their influence onto the landscape of the moving picture. They were Mikall Sinnott (Mack Sennett), born in 1884 in Danville, Quebec, to Irish immigrant parents, and Gladys Smith (Mary Pickford), born in 1892 in Toronto.

Far from holding them back, humble origins were soon to propel their ambition. And an understanding of blue-collar sensibilities would also be a decisive factor helping both Canadians achieve popularity and success on a massive scale. Sennett and Pickford were both pioneers. Within a few short years, Sennett became the first major film producer who specialized in comedy. His style helped to define screen comedy in the silent era – and some would say beyond.

Pickford's contribution was no less revolutionary. She would blow apart the idea of anonymity in screen acting, becoming the first woman who could be known, recognized, and sought after in her own right. By 1909 both Pickford and Sennett had gained entry into the world of film through the same rising star – principal director at the Biograph production company, D.W. Griffith.

Gladys Smith's introduction to show business had come about through necessity rather than desire. Her father, a labourer, had been killed in a job-related accident when she was five years old. With little income, her mother resorted to putting her on the stage. The child toured as "Baby Gladys" so she could help feed her two younger siblings, Lottie and Jack.

Gladys made the successful transition from vaudeville to Broadway at the age of fourteen, changing her name to Mary Pickford. She was sixteen when she entered the offices at Biograph in 1909 and charmed Griffith into taking her on.

Sennett's road to moving pictures was also uneven. When he left his native Quebec at the age of seventeen to find work in the American Iron Works in Connecticut, his only obvious show-business aspiration was to sing; his rich bass voice fueled dreams of the opera. It was likely this dream that took him in 1902 to New York. He began to carve out a minor career in burlesque, which ultimately was to prove a major influence on his work in film.

Sennett approached Biograph a year before Pickford. He had already acted in many short films before he found himself opposite the golden-haired sixteen-year-old from Toronto in such shorts as *The Gibson Goddess* (1909) and *The Englishmen and the Girl* (1910).

By this time Griffith was already taking the whole Biograph company to California for the winter where fewer filming days were lost to bad weather. He also found an impressive range of natural landscapes – deserts, jungles, swamps, and mountains – that did not exist in the east.

While Griffith experimented with locales, two of his prodigies had ambitions of their own.

Like most actresses of her time, Pickford received no billing in her Biograph films. But as a former stage performer, she knew how to project her personality through the limitations of the medium. Her trademark blond curls and her mixture of vulnerability and pluckiness were a cocktail audiences could not resist. Soon the public identified so strongly with the name in the intertitle of one of her films – "Little Mary" – that it stuck.

Astute and determined, the real Little Mary understood the business and her bargaining power within it. She realized that each time she moved from one company to another, she could negotiate afresh and improve on any existing contract. So Mary moved often, leaving Biograph for IMP (later to become Universal), from IMP to Majestic, back briefly to Biograph, then to the Famous Players Company.

She achieved this whole cycle in the three years between 1909 and 1912. Her weekly salary increased during the same period from $40 to $500.

Pickford soon anticipated the power of the modern film star by demanding (and getting) creative input into every aspect of the films in which she appeared. In 1916 she successfully lobbied her employer, Famous Players, for a separate production offshoot, The Mary Pickford Company, just for her movies. Three years later, together with Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Griffith, she formed United Artists.

Meanwhile, Pickford's old Biograph colleague had also risen to prominence. Although consistently an actor in his

BISON ARCHIVES

Keystone Kops comedies (above), produced between 1912 and 1917, owed their success less to the scripts, which were often skimpy, than to Sennett's editing, which gave his films their manic energy. Whereas other films of the time were deferential toward the police, Sennett's comedies deliberately thumbed their noses at law and order and other social conventions and institutions.

THE MARY PICKFORD FOUNDATION

As Hollywood royalty, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks held court at their legendary home Pickfair. In 1919, the year before their marriage, the couple, with partners Charlie Chaplin and D.W. Griffiths, started the artist-run production company United Artists. *The Taming of the Shrew* (1929), above right, with Mary playing opposite Fairbanks, signalled the decline of her career; by 1936 the marriage would also be over. But United Artists prevailed, due largely to Pickford's business acumen.

Sennett understood the ability many

years with Griffith (1908–1912), Mack Sennett was most drawn towards writing, directing, and producing. Constantly grilling Griffith and his technicians about every aspect of the industry, he contributed scripts for Griffith productions as early as 1909. By 1910 he was directing as well.

Sennett also focused much attention on the all-important craft of film editing. It was through this discipline that a straight scene could be made funny. Sennett soon became the master of "absurd" comedy. A typical Sennett scenario might find a small, two-door Ford coming to a halt by the curb. Out spills two, four, six, eight, twelve, twenty policemen.

Like Pickford, Sennett wanted control of his product and in 1912 struck out on his own, forming Keystone in association with two former bookies.

He brought comedy talent from Biograph with him, notably his close friend Mabel Normand. But it was in spotting and hiring new comics that Sennett excelled. Many of the comic greats, such as Charlie Chaplin, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, Harold Lloyd, and Ben Turpin, came through Keystone.

Although Sennett was influenced by the surreal comedy of French filmmaker George Melies, and paid close attention to the trickery through which it was achieved, he brought in vital elements of his own. The vulgarity, the exaggerated caricatures, the lampooning of authority figures, and the sheer physical speed owed much to his own stints in burlesque and his knowledge of working-class tastes.

While his one-time mentor Griffith was drawn to vast stories with noble themes, Sennett was drawn to the anatomy of instant laughter. And often this meant parodying the "serious" films of the day. In Sennett's first feature comedy, *Tillie's Punctured Romance* (1914), tiny Charlie Chaplin (before he invented his tramp character) is a city slicker preying upon an innocent farm girl played by the enormous Marie

of moving pictures to magnify laughter through scale. If one stupid cop was funny, a dozen would be times funnier. ... Pickford's blond curls and mixture of vulnerability and pluckiness were a cocktail audiences could not resist.

Dressler (Farm waif preyed upon by sophisticated rake was a stock melodramatic situation in "serious" films.)

Sennett inserted the incongruous or absurd into other popular storylines, casting cross-eyed Ben Turpin or Fatty Arbuckle as the dashing romantic hero.

Keystone relied on another perennial crowd-pleasing formula from burlesque – that of the rich or overly dignified being taken down a peg or two, with custard pies aimed at gentlemen in evening dress and fashionable ladies with improbable hats.

Sennett understood the ability of moving pictures to magnify laughter through scale. If one stupid cop was funny, the logic ran, a dozen would be many times funnier. And so the Keystone Kops were born.

If numbers magnified comedy, speed intensified it. A car chase through the streets was funnier if the film was sped up to create abrupt, jerky motions, and if the Kop car crashed into a lamppost at a hundred miles an hour. This crazy effect was achieved by recording the action at only eight to twelve frames per second, then projecting it at sixteen to twenty.

Such innovations put Sennett improbably in the vanguard of a very serious movement in cinema art. The effect of mechanization upon the human soul would in years to come become a preoccupation of such lauded filmmakers as Fritz Lang (*Metropolis*, 1926) and Sennett's former employee, Charlie Chaplin (*Modern Times*, 1936).

Yet from 1912 onwards, Keystone productions were already portraying the mad choreographed dance created by man and machine in the modern world. Sennett's humans even moved like cogs or spokes spinning madly out of control. And like parts of a machine, Sennett's humans could be shot, burned, or flung huge distances, but never hurt.

"Having found your hub idea, you build out the spokes," said Sennett of his plot-building techniques in 1915. "Then introduce your complications that make up the funny wheel."

The Canadian child of the industrial age who had narrowly escaped a career in the American Iron Works was bringing his own mechanized vision to his art.

If Sennett's understanding of lowbrow comedy was a major factor in his success, so Pickford's knowledge of pathos became a crucial tool through which she could win over her public.

As "Baby Gladys," she had found out that a youthful combination of plucky spiritedness, innocence, and good looks was simply irresistible to a large audience. Add peril into the mixture, and the audience would feel not only enamoured of their heroine, they would feel protective of her too.

As well as "America's Sweetheart," Pickford was variously known as the "Cinderella of the Screen" and "the sweet young girl every man desires some day to have for himself."

There are some striking parallels between Pickford's Cinderella screen persona and the details of her own upbringing. A classic example is the early gothic *Sparrows* (1926), a film she also produced, in which Pickford is the oldest child rescuing younger children from a baby farm (orphanage).

Our heroine here is at once protector of the imperilled and hungry young children and at the same time in severe danger herself. The similarities between this and a childhood in which she had been forced into the cutthroat theatrical world to feed her younger siblings are obvious. And her ongoing real-life role of protector can be seen in her contracts, one of which (in 1917) stipulated that the studio must offer her brother Jack a lucrative contract.

Movies like *Sparrows* hit a chord around the world because people recognized the essential pathos of poverty and the universality of the dream of being rescued.

One aspect of Mary's success with audiences was her seemingly perpetual youth. When Mary played the spirited young waif in *Sparrows*, she was actually thirty-three years old. Her growing impatience with playing fifteen-year-olds would present her with the greatest test of her career and would ultimately cause her downfall.

The first challenge to Mary's image, however, came not on the screen but in her private life. On March 28, 1920, with a fanfare of publicity, Pickford married Douglas Fairbanks, the charismatic, athletic actor seen by audiences as Mary's male counterpart in purity and innocence. Celebration turned to major embarrassment when the attorney general of California threatened to prosecute her for bigamy and perjury as there was suspicion Mary's divorce from first husband Owen Moore had not been legal. Hollywood at this time was just beginning to experience its first wave of scandals, and a possible backlash threatened Mary's career. In the event, she was exonerated. But it's quite possible such a scare brought one question urgently into focus – was it time to shed the "Little Mary" image?

With the jazz age roaring around her, Mary made several attempts to do just that. The first of these was a film, *Rosita*, directed by German import Ernst Lubitsch in 1923. Although a failure, Mary persevered. In 1929, she discarded her trademark blond curls and replaced them with the fashionable 1920s shingled hairstyle to play the title role in the film *Coquette*, her first talkie. Although she won an Academy Award, the audience felt cheated out of "the girl with the golden hair" and Mary's popularity began to wane.

Pickford was by now entering her late thirties. Even if her public could not yet admit it, Little Mary's days were numbered. Already the advent of sound had removed some of the pantomime quality from moving pictures. Naturalism was the order of the day, and it was becoming difficult to fool an audience with inappropriate casting.

Mary turned to Shakespeare in her last real attempt to carve out a new acting niche. But *The Taming of the Shrew* (1929), in which she starred opposite Fairbanks, was by all accounts something of a disaster, and Mary soon retired from acting.

Sound also proved to be the decisive blow to Sennett's career. But the golden years of 1912–1915, in which he ran Keystone independently as a brisk comedy factory, were already long gone. After World War I, audiences had began to change, becoming more sophisticated in their tastes. The German cinema with its dark shadows and psychological themes was beginning to influence the American film. The public began to expect longer stories and more serious treatments. Sennett's films became less vulgar and more polite, and the 1920s were very profitable for him. But he remained a fish out of water with the new middle-class style of comedy. The fragility of his product became more obvious when very few of his actors made a successful transition to talking pictures. To make matters worse, while Sennett moved upmarket, the downmarket burlesque approach was snatched by the emerging world of cartoons.

It's easy to paint the inevitable decline of great careers in a tragic light. In fact, the reality is seldom so simple or so sad. Despite personal bankruptcy and the advent of sound, Sennett still managed to discover one more comic genius in W.C. Fields. And although he returned to Canada in the 1930s, he was often recalled to Hollywood to act in various advisory capacities until his death in 1960. Pickford also remained active in film, becoming the first vice president of United Artists in 1936.

But it is the intense excitement in that early film era that causes us to see sadness in whatever follows. And one measure of this dazzling mystique – and the inevitable disappointment that lies in its wake – is the true story of Mary Pickford buying up all her silent film originals in the 1930s solely to have them burned at her funeral. Luckily, for film archivists and the world in general, Pickford relented before her death in 1979.

Paul Butler is author of the novels *The Surrogate Spirit* (2000) and *Stoker's Shadow* (2003), a work of historical fiction about the life of Bram Stoker. He is a graduate of the Canadian Film Centre.

Et Cetera

Pickford: The Woman Who Made Hollywood **by Eileen Whitford. University of Kentucky Press, Lexington, 1997.**

Mary Pickford Rediscovered **by Kevin Brownlow. Harry N. Abrams, New York, 1999.**

Mary Pickford: A Life on Film**, directed in 1999 by Hugh Munro Neely, narrated by Whoopi Goldberg, is available on VHS and DVD.**

The Mary Pickford Foundation's website <www.marypickford.com> contains useful information as well as photographs and a filmography of the silent-era star.

Keystone: The Life and Clowns of Mack Sennett **by Simon Louvise. Faber & Faber, London, 2004.**

A Nameless Heroine:

Nell Shipman defied many of the accepted stereotypes of her age.

BOISE STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, SHIPMAN ARCHIVES.

While Mary Pickford was pushing the boundaries of stardom as far as it would go, another Canadian actress was busy blazing a trail of a different sort.

Like Mary Pickford, Nell Shipman began her career as a child on the stage. Born Helen Barham in 1892 in Victoria, British Columbia, she joined a small touring company in the U.S. at the age of thirteen. In 1910, age eighteen, she married Canadian impresario Ernest Shipman.

Although Nell Shipman stubbornly refuses to turn up in standard film reference books, her fame became widespread

Nell Shipman

over the next ten years. Her screen image of a robust, stoical, and physically athletic woman defied many of the accepted stereotypes of her own age, and even ours.

Unlike Pickford, Shipman's screen persona played upon her Canadian heritage. In her greatest roles in films like *God's Country and the Woman* (1916) and *Back to God's Country* (1919), Shipman was a heroine with wilderness acumen driving teams of sled dogs and canoeing through rapids. In the latter film, she even reversed that staple of silent melodrama by saving her invalid husband.

Shipman's early successes were adaptations of James Oliver Curwood's popular stories set in the Canadian north. Although Shipman wrote some of her own screenplays, her films were mainstream efforts made in association with the prolific production company Vitagraph.

In the years 1920–1921, however, she made a leap worthy of her screen persona. Divorcing Ernest Shipman, Nell formed her own company, Nell Shipman Productions. She extended her already impressive writing and acting credits by taking on the roles of direction, production, and editing.

In the age of Sennett, Chaplin, and Griffith, this jack-of-all-trades approach to filmmaking was not entirely unheard of, but for Nell it was a serious gamble that was to take her out of the mainstream.

Trading upon the wilderness themes in the Curwood stories and her own image as "the girl from God's country," Shipman produced a follow-up to *Back to God's Country* called *The Girl from God's Country* (1921).

The movie went seriously over budget. Partly as a result, Shipman retreated to Upper Priest Lake in Idaho together with her new romantic partner and codirector Bert Van Tuyle, a film crew, and a menagerie of wild and tame animals.

There Shipman created a miniature film community of her own. This little outdoor studio continued to produce films along a Canadian north theme that Shipman would take to the nearest town when finished. By screening her product to the local audience, she would raise enough money for her train fare to New York. Once in the city she would go from film exchange to film exchange until one of them bought her picture.

But just as silent film greats Sennett and Pickford would not survive the change to sound, Nell Shipman's independent approach would also founder.

The rise of the big studios meant that production, distribution, and exhibition became combined. Smaller, cottage-style businesses like Shipman's were squeezed out by a virtual monopoly. Yet Nell, who died in 1970, remains an inspiring footnote to film history, an early prototype of alternative cinema. She was also a genuine pioneer of style whose depictions of the Canadian North may well have had a subliminal effect upon the way Canada is seen in film.

—P.B.

Et Cetera

***The Girl From God's Country: Nell Shipman and the Silent Cinema* by Kay Armatage. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2003.**

***Letters from God's Country: Nell Shipman: Selected Correspondence & Writings, 1912–1970*, edited by Tom Trusky. Boise State University Press, Boise, Idaho, 2003.**

Though Nell Shipman left Canada when she was a teenager, she remained sentimentally connected to her Canadian roots for the rest of her life. Even as late as 1963, writing from Levittown, New Jersey to Hye Bossin, editor of Toronto-based *Canadian Film Weekly*, she enthused about her native land's potential*:

My dear Mr. Bossin:

Barry [Shipman; her son] forwarded your nice letter re Shipman motion picture activities in Canada in the early days. I am more than glad that someone is waking up to the inherent value of these pioneer efforts and seeking to record some of them. Would be even more thrilled if we squared off for a strong look at the Present and a forecast of the Future! Our Dominion still the greatest, scenically, historically, and more than ever loaded with the kind of talent and the *will to do*; the self-same internal ornaments which marked the paths of our ancestors!

My own contributions were not vast but they occurred in rather vast surroundings and exposed us to adventures as exciting as the dramas we made. Also, shooting in Canada, getting the real McCoy in the way of Northwood's scenery, spoiled me for the trim, park-like So. Calif. mountain b.g.'s [backgrounds]; made it all seem too tidy.

Let's face it! Our Dominion has it! For the life of me I don't know why we are not all still up there making pictures, in the modern way, of course, but using the honest, real, beauty of the land, the ditto actuality of home-grown stories, the straight-forward, four-square, fighting, loving, loyal, romantic personalities of our citizens!

Personally, I have gone overboard on two Nova Scotia yarns, the one a low-budget pix which would use the Scottish Mod and all that priceless background, but the other – so BIG I hardly dare breathe it – the Rise and Fall of the Mightiest Fortress of them all, Louisburg! Doing research on this at the Harvard Library, I became so enamoured of the period (which, of course, includes Wolfe and Montcalm and great hero, Frontenac) I fell into a complete dither and a renewed dedication to, somehow, get back home and shoot.

I am, most truly
Nell Shipman

* From *Letters from God's Country: Nell Shipman: Selected Correspondence & Writings, 1912-1970*, edited by Tom Trusky.

Painters Eleven: **The Shock of the New**

Painters Eleven at the Park Gallery, circa 1957. From left to right: Tom Hodgson, Alexandra Luke, Harold Town, Kazuo Nakamura, Jock Macdonald, Walter Yarwood, Hortense Gordon, Jack Bush, and Ray Mead. Absent are William Ronald, who had moved to New York, and Oscar Cahén, who had died the previous year (the two paintings are his.) Only Jack Bush has maintained an international reputation, but not one of them failed to make a deep impression on Canadian art as an individual.

Abstract art, meet Toronto the Good. by Graham Broad

In October 1953, when he organized the Abstracts at Home exhibition, William Ronald was just twenty-seven. Young, talented, bohemian, recently returned from New York, and seething with contempt for Toronto's conservatism, Ronald gathered six like-minded painters and staged an artistic revolt that began, not in a manifesto blazing with rage against the state, but in the furniture department at Simpson's.

Ronald persuaded management at the venerable Yonge Street department store (where he had worked as a window designer) that abstract art could blend harmoniously with more traditional furniture, enlivening the sales of both. To some future critics it would seem unforgivably bourgeois, especially compared to the cultural declaration of war called *Refus global* that marked the arrival of modern art in Quebec, but Ronald was motivated as much by the desire to plant the modernist banner in English Canadian soil as by the prospect of commercial success.

In 1953 Toronto seemed the unlikeliest place for such an exhibition. Visitors found the city dour and churchy. Sidewalk cafes were prohibited, and it was illegal to sell tobacco on Sundays. Even its former mayor, Allan

BBC CORPORATE ART COLLECTION © THE CAHÉN ARCHIVES

Oscar Cahén, *Growing Form* (above, 1953) Had he lived, Oscar Cahén might be remembered as the greatest of all Canadian artists. A gifted illustrator, he also produced some of the group's most profound works, remarkable for their freedom of movement and striking colours. He remained the artistic center of gravity in Painters Eleven even after his death in a car accident in 1956.

COLLECTION OF JERS THESLEN

Harold Town's *Conversation Between Clowns* (left, 1953) hung at the group's first exhibition in February 1954. One reviewer noted, rather dejectedly, that there were no actual clowns in it. While cubism approached the subject from multiple perspectives and surrealism rendered nature in a manner that defied reason, abstract expressionism cast off the realist perspective altogether. Town died in 1990, after a lifetime of exploring almost every manner and medium of visual art.

Lamport, conceded that the city was dull after dark, a state of affairs pleasing to the novelist Morley Callaghan, who appreciated the lack of distractions imposed upon him by the "orderly, unexciting, strict Toronto life." For years the city's artists had wrestled with ennui like depressives. Just two commercial galleries sustained them as they laboured under the thrall of the Group of Seven, willfully insulated from external influences. A gloomy 1950 article in *Canadian Art* concluded: "There is something rotten in the state of Toronto art, and it is of the dead rot kind," or, as the artist Graham Coughtry put it, "every damn tree in the country has been painted."

Beneath the pallid surface, however, a few modernist pioneers, including Bertram Brooker and Lawren Harris (formerly of the Group of Seven) had laid the groundwork for Ronald's revolt. Winnipeg's Brooker had mounted an exhibition of abstracts at the University of Toronto as early as 1931, and Harris had broken decisively from the mode of painting he helped to create with a series of geometrical abstractions he began in the late 1930s. While these works helped to acculturate Torontonians to the artistic renaissance underway in Europe and the United States, it is also true that in retrospect they seem tentative and sometimes timid, especially compared to the style

NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, OTTAWA

emerging from New York called "abstract expressionism."

Easier to point to than to define, abstract expressionism was big, bold, impetuous, and radically abstract, a style that captured the beat and tempo of New York life. Ronald and the artists he gathered for *Abstracts at Home* – Jack Bush, Ray Mead, Tom Hodgson, Kazuo Nakamura, Oscar Cahén, and Alexandra Luke – admired and sought to emulate the spirit, if not always the precise technique, of the New York school, rather than that of their Canadian forebears. Some of them had encountered abstract expressionism in American galleries or in occasional exhibitions of contemporary art at the Art Gallery of Toronto. Luke and Ronald had even studied in Massachusetts and New York under Hans Hofmann, a gifted European émigré who taught a generation of painters the artistic and verbal vocabulary of modernism.

TERRY BUSH / © ESTATE OF JACK BUSH / SODRAC (MONTREAL) 2003

At Simpson's in 1953 this vocabulary was unveiled full-force upon Toronto. Not many paintings sold, but Ronald's group judged the exhibit successful enough to warrant furthering their association. In November they met again at Alexandra Luke's cottage near Oshawa, their number now grown to eleven. Ronald brought his mentor from the Ontario College of Arts, Jock Macdonald. Oscar Cahén invited his friends Harold Town and Walter Yarwood, and Ray Mead brought Hortense Gordon, an art teacher from Hamilton who had also studied under Hans Hofmann. To date, most of their opportunities to show abstractions had come though juried exhibitions with the official societies, where hostile organizers usually relegated modern art to back rooms and corners. "We were sick," Town said, "of being told where to hang, how to hang, and when to hang," and they reasoned that they had a better chance of being seen collectively than as individuals.

At Town's suggestion, they adopted the name Painters Eleven. Jack Bush had representation at the prestigious Roberts Gallery, and he secured an exhibition for them there in February 1954. It was the first show of its kind in a commercial gallery in Toronto. Years later Ray Mead recalled, "we thought they'd open the doors like they do for a matinee and everyone would come pouring in,"

THE ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN GALLERY. PHOTO: THOMAS MOORE

Tom Hodgson, *Enduro Take-Off* (left, 1958) After a tentative start, RCAF veteran and two-time Olympian Thomas Sherlock Hodgson (born in 1924) became an "action painter" in the mold of Jackson Pollock – pouring, hurling, and scooping paint freely around huge canvases, creating art the way bebop musicians improvised jazz. Hodgson's work from this period is among the most recognizable in Canadian art.

William Ronald, *J'Accuse*, (right) 1956 If Painters Eleven had a founder it was William Ronald (1926–1998), but he moved to New York in 1954 and resigned from the group two years later. While the Group of Seven had laboured to produce a distinctly Canadian style, Painters Eleven saw themselves as part of an international movement, casting off the parochialism that inhibited creativity at home. In New York, Ronald exhibited at the Samuel Kootz gallery, home of America's abstract expressionist elite. He returned to Canada in the mid-1960s.

but when the doors opened at six o'clock, nobody did. Town finally coaxed some strangers from the street in for a drink. Gradually people began to arrive, sensing, perhaps, that something important was happening, even if they weren't certain what it was. By the time the show closed two weeks later, it had drawn the biggest crowds the Roberts Gallery had ever seen.

Not everyone agrees that any works sold, and it seems somehow more appropriate to believe that none did. Reviewers were positive but somewhat baffled, and audiences at early abstract shows tended to think that the paintings were like a Rorschach test, where the goal was to find recognizable forms on the canvas. With some modern art this was possible. Cubism and surrealism abstracted from nature, but abstract expressionism typically made no reference to the outside world; it was the triumph of the formal qualities of painting over figurative content, the act of painting as its own subject. In this sense it was like improvisational jazz – Charlie Parker's bebop or Ella Fitzgerald's scat singing – not random noise, but spontaneity guided by talent.

While the Group of Seven possessed a distinctive style, Painters Eleven never sought aesthetic common ground beyond a commitment to modernism. Abstract expressionism serves as convenient shorthand to describe their style, but their work could include aspects of cubism, surrealism, and automatism as well. Not all of their canvases were totally abstract (Nakamura, for instance, was fond of modernistic landscapes) and only a few worked like the New York "action painters" – squeezing, pouring, and scooping paint around in a frenzy – but their paintings on the whole were freer, more daring, and more abstract than anything Canadians had seen yet. Town, who wrote their exhibition catalogues, called their approach "harmonious disagreement."

Harmony did not reign at their meetings. A generation gap between the members was evident from the outset: the young men at the core of the group were in their twenties and thirties. Bush, Luke, and Macdonald were in their forties and fifties, and Hortense Gordon was nearly seventy. They had no formal leader or structure, arrived at decisions democratically,

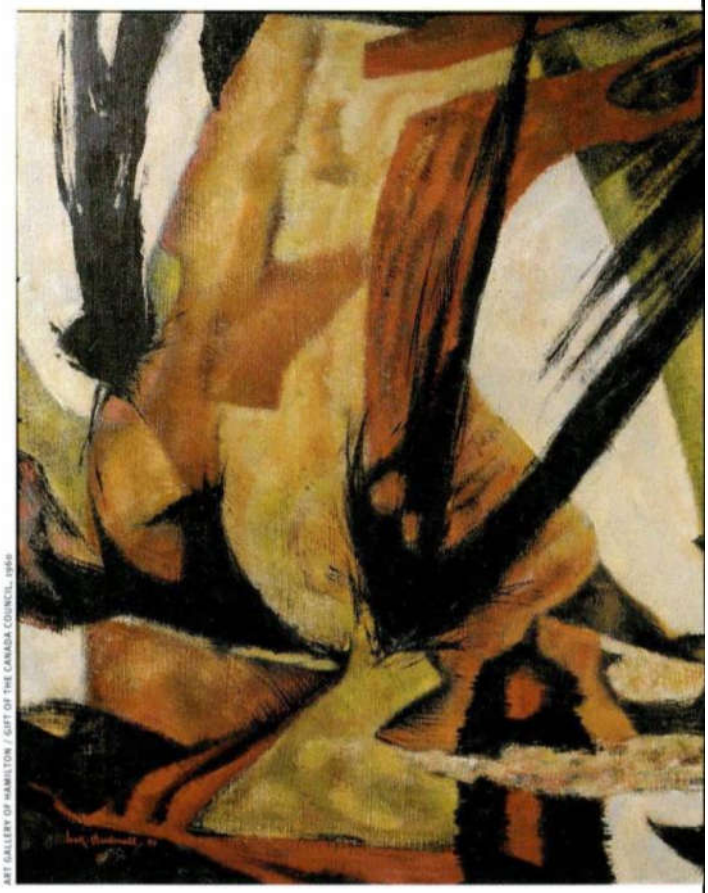
"One of the best painters North America has turned out in this century," was Clement Greenberg's assessment of Jack Bush. Bush's greatest work lay in the future, but *French Facade* (1957), above, pointed in the direction he was heading: a style that Greenberg, America's most influential art critic, called "post-painterly abstraction," where the abstract image was composed of solid bands of colour.

and the younger members were capable of arguing long into the night amidst too much alcohol and too much ego. "It was nothing to see two guys end up on the floor in a fistfight," Ronald recalled years later.

For the next six years Painters Eleven exhibited regularly in Toronto and throughout Ontario. But like most of the eleven, Ronald found his artistic moorings in New York rather than in Toronto. He moved there late in 1954, and eventually obtained representation at the Samuel Kootz Gallery, where Hans Hofmann and Robert Motherwell showed their work. With his New York contacts, Ronald arranged for Painters Eleven to exhibit alongside the American Abstract Artists at their twentieth anniversary exhibition at the Riverside Gallery in April of 1956. It was a singular opportunity. New York had long inspired them, and they were eager to test their mettle in what had become the world centre of the avant-garde.

In the event the reviews were mostly positive. The most enthusiastic endorsement came from Lawrence Campbell, a critic for the prestigious *Art News*:

> I think the Americans who saw the exhibitions today were surprised to find that the level of Canadian painting was comparable to American painting, as inventive, and if anything freer, more creative, and less self-conscious compared to works by the members of the American Abstract Artists.



ART GALLERY OF HAMILTON / GIFT OF THE CANADA COUNCIL, 1966

Not all of New York's critics were so enthusiastic, but they did not, at least, question the right of abstract art to exist. Canadian critics frequently did. Back home, criticism of modern art was never more vocal. Kenneth Forbes, a well-known portrait painter who had resigned from the Ontario Society of Artists when abstracts were admitted to its 1951 exhibition, led the traditionalist opposition. His remonstrations against modernity were widely printed. In 1956, when the National Gallery paid $50,000 for Picasso's *The Small Table*, Forbes complained in the *Toronto Star* that the gallery's staff was incompetent and predicted that Picassos would one day be "worth about five cents."

To Forbes, every phase in the evolution of modern art, from Van Gogh's "clumsy, rotten junk" to abstraction's "vague gropings of the primitive man" had constituted nothing less than an assault on civilization. Abstract art was an oxymoron: since the purpose of art was to portray reality as such, abstraction was by definition *not* art. "Ugly, distorted, sadistic, grotesque, and just plain incompetent," he wrote in *Maclean's*, "modernistic painting is the greatest hoax in the history of human art." Never one to back down from a verbal challenge, Harold Town fired back: "I am glad to hear from Kenneth Forbes. I thought he was dead, but had only his painting to go by."

But Forbes was only the most militant of the antimodernists. In 1955, the *Toronto Star*'s art critic was left aghast by what he called an abstract "horror show" at the CNE. Toronto's mayor, Nathan Phillips, stormed through a modernist exhibition at the University of Toronto that year, demanding the removal of several pictures because he thought that they might be obscene. Abstracts (including prize winners by Town and Cahén) in a November 1955 juried exhibition in Winnipeg reportedly left one of the organizers, the wife of the dean of the art school at the University of Manitoba, "physically nauseated," and a letter writer in *Canadian Art* may have surmised what all the critics were really thinking: abstract artists "paint as though they were communists."

However, the most piquant criticism came from cultural nationalists, who wondered why, when so many Canadian artists had striven so hard to forge a uniquely Canadian identity, abstract artists were so eager to look to the United States for inspiration and approval. Ronald and most of the eleven believed that art transcended such parochial concerns, but as he grew weary of abstract expressionism after the Riverside exhibit, Harold Town found himself more and more in agreement with the nationalists. In 1957, when Jock Macdonald invited the enormously influential American

At her best, as in *Symphony* (1957), right, Alexandra Luke (1901–1967) was a great painter, capable of conceiving of her work on a huge scale (the piece is more than seven feet tall). She was also well connected: her husband was C. Ewart McLaughlin, son of Sam McLaughlin, founder of General Motors of Canada. *Symphony* shows the close play of brightly coloured rectangles that is characteristic of the style of Hans Hofmann, the European émigré under whom several members of Painters Eleven studied in New York and Massachusetts.

J.W.G. Macdonald, *Iridescent Monarch* (1957) "Nonobjective" is how some abstractionists described their work, meaning that their paintings represented no object in the visible world. Instead they used colour and form to express intangibles like emotions, ideas, and imagination. For Jock Macdonald, a founding member of the Canadian Group of Painters and an instructor at the Ontario College of Art, life was a progress towards understanding the spiritual laws that he believed governed the universe, and abstraction was his means of exploring them.

art critic Clement Greenberg to Toronto, Town joined Walter Yarwood in refusing to meet him.

Clement Greenberg was an anti-Forbes, a dogmatic apostle of the avant-garde as the only defense against the degraded products of mass culture, and when he came to Toronto in June 1957 he was near the peak of influence. Greenberg spent half a day with each of the members willing to meet him. He considered Hodgson "exceedingly good" and Mead and Macdonald ready for any gallery in New York – high praise for Canadians who measured themselves by such standards. For Jock Macdonald, a pioneer of Canadian abstraction who had endured decades of ridicule, Greenberg's praise seemed like vindication. But the critic's most important association was with Jack Bush, who was set to become the most famous Canadian painter of his generation. It was the beginning of a friendship that endured until Bush's death twenty years later. Greenberg encouraged Bush to continue in the direction that he was already heading: towards the purely formal colour-field painting that Greenberg was beginning to favour.

Stylistic differences between abstract expressionist painters tended to be personal rather than regional, and apart from the size of the paintings (materials were much more expensive in Canada and hence the paintings tended to be smaller), not much distinguished Canadian from American abstraction. Surprisingly, this was the one thing Greenberg found objectionable about Painters Eleven. He believed that they should use their comparative isolation from the United States to their advantage, and he encouraged them to look inward rather than towards New York for inspiration. "You can all paint excellently," he told them. "What you have to do is realize that within yourselves you have the personal abilities to say something as profound as anywhere in the world."

It is difficult to assess Greenberg's impact on Painters Eleven, but there is no denying that their best and most creative work was produced in the three years that followed. But his visit also served to further divide a group that was already in the process of coming apart. Oscar Cahén had been killed in a car accident in November 1956. In a group of great talents, he had stood out as exceptional, and his loss was deeply felt. Ronald resigned from Painters Eleven in 1957, citing the expense of living in New York but showing in Toronto, and Ray Mead's advertising agency transferred him to Montreal early in 1958, effectively cutting him off their meetings.

THE ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN GALLERY

Moreover, by 1959 most of the others felt their association had served its original purpose. No longer were they artistic outcasts. Unlike their French-Canadian predecessors, *Les Automatistes*, who had sought nothing less than social revolution, Painters Eleven had sought only a united front against artistic traditionalism. Traditionalists still howled, but by their continual presence, Painters Eleven had changed Toronto's art scene. Writer Robert Fulford recalls how, at age twenty-two, he left Painters Eleven's first exhibition "with a sense of new life in Canadian art." Young artists Dennis Burton and Gordon Raynor converted to abstraction immediately after seeing a Painters Eleven exhibition in 1955. The magazine *Canadian Art* had begun the decade with a lament for Toronto's better days, but by its end spoke metaphorically of a city that had undergone a "blood transfusion," with an unprecedented "quantity and variety of art." Harold Town and William Ronald had earned international reputations, and Jack Bush was about to. Jock Macdonald, considered an eccentric in 1950, had become the most popular instructor at the Ontario College of Art. In this new artistic climate, there seemed little point in carrying on. Painters Eleven voted to disband in October 1960.

In 1954 Painters Eleven seemed to be at the vanguard of a revolution in art, when in fact they were equally at its end. In New York the days of the paint-splattered bohemians

were already passing, and Painters Eleven led Toronto's first and last great abstract-expressionist movement. Some of the best Canadian artists of the sixties elaborated upon the Eleven's style, but many others were inspired by their rejection of, rather than their admiration for, Painters Eleven's work. Artists like London's Greg Curnoe broke from abstract expressionism not because they shared the views of traditionalists like Forbes, but because they believed abstraction was elitist, divorced from the day-to-day reality of life, and above all, another example of American cultural imperialism.

In one of their earliest exhibition catalogues, Town wrote that the Painters Eleven had a "profound regard for the consequences of our complete freedom." One unforeseen consequence of the "complete freedom" they endowed on Toronto's art scene was that it would one day be vibrant enough to leave them behind. ◘

Graham Broad is an art lover and a Ph.D. candidate in history at the University of Western Ontario. He is writing a study of Canadian consumers in the Second World War and is planning a book on Painters Eleven and the Toronto art scene in the 1950s.

ET CETERA

***The Theatre of the Self: The Life and Art of William Ronald*, by Robert Belton. Calgary: University of Calgary Press, Calgary, 1999.**

***The Canadian Painters Eleven* by Ross Fox. The Robert McLaughlin Gallery, Oshawa, 1993.**

***The Crisis of Abstraction in Canada: The 1950s* by Denise Leclerc. National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, 1993.**

***Canadian Art in the Twentieth Century* by Joan Murray. Dundurn Press, Toronto, 1999.**

***Why A Painting Is Like a Pizza: A Guide to Understanding and Enjoying Modern Art* by Nancy G. Heller. Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1999.**

Information on influential midcentury art critic Clement Greenberg can be found at: www.sharecom.ca/greenberg/default.html

Seigneur, Faites Que Je One-man's Revolution

As a natural-history writer newly arrived in Quebec, my first thought was to procure a copy of the local botany. "Marie-Victorin," said the bookstore clerk. The name meant nothing, but the size and price of the tome he hefted made me gasp. Still, the real epiphany came when I thunked it down on the kitchen table and opened it. In addition to the usual line drawings and technical descriptions, the exhaustive formal botany fairly hummed with ethnobotanical data, chemical properties, historical anecdotes, and literary references. As if to underscore the humanity of the work, traces of humour – a genre heresy – glimmered here and there.

I turned the pages, transfixed by the sheer magnitude of the scholarship. "Who *is* this guy?" I muttered.

Joseph Louis Conrad Kirouac was born in Quebec's Eastern Townships in 1885, the only son of a successful merchant. A sickly and pampered boy, his tranquil bourgeois childhood offered little inkling of the swath he would cut through his people's intellectual history. Even adolescence, with its potential for discord, saw young Conrad obediently enrolled in the Académie commerciale de Québec, at his father's request.

The Académie gave history its first glimpse of a man it would soon know well, for it was there that the two dominant themes of Conrad's adult life came to the fore. One was a ravenous curiosity, tempered by scholastic discipline. The other, to his father's heartbroken dismay, was a calling. There would be no succession to the family business, no grandson to bear the proud Kirouac name, legacy of a Breton knight. Instead, the young man would take monastic orders and live his life in a world devoid of wealth, heirs, and last names.

Contemporary historians tend to spin this decision as largely a practical one. The young scholar wanted to teach, a profession all but monopolized by the Church in Quebec, and so entered the Frères des Écoles chrétiennes, the same order that operated the Académie. But in fact the good brother's calling was both deep and broad. For Marie-Victorin, as he was ordained, pursuing truth, opening minds, and questioning assumptions were primary Christian duties. His battle cry, so oft-repeated that it became a fond joke among his students, was paraphrased from Luke: *Seigneur, faites que je voie!* (Lord, let me see!).*

The promising eighteen-year-old soon secured a teaching position in Saint-Jérôme, north of Montreal, but suffered a cruel setback when he was diagnosed with tuberculosis just months later. The Écoles chrétiennes immediately confined him to its bucolic Saint-Jérôme monastery for doctor-ordered rest. But what at first seemed a reversal soon proved the turning point in Marie-Victorin's life, for it was there,

*All translations are the author's.

Voie: Quiet(ish)

JARDIN BOTANIQUE DE MONTRÉAL

by Robert K. Henderson

An extraordinary botanist and revolutionary intellectual, Brother Marie-Victorin – the David Suzuki of his day – changed the face of Quebec's scientific community.

JARDIN BOTANIQUE DE MONTRÉAL

For five consecutive summers, Marie-Victorin combed the Mingan Islands in Quebec (right), determined to botanize the region. In 1924, he discovered the Mingan thistle (*Cirsium minganense*), the best-known endemic species of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A young Marie-Victorin (above, right) at the Collège de Longueuil in 1906, where he taught a wide variety of subjects, including botany. The teacher believed in taking his students on outdoor excursions, encouraging them to experience firsthand the things he was teaching them in the classroom.

surrounded by nature and little else, that his attention first turned to science. Armed with *Flore canadienne*, which passed for Quebec's standard botany at the time, he resolved to beguile the hours by identifying all of the plants in the monastery's forest.

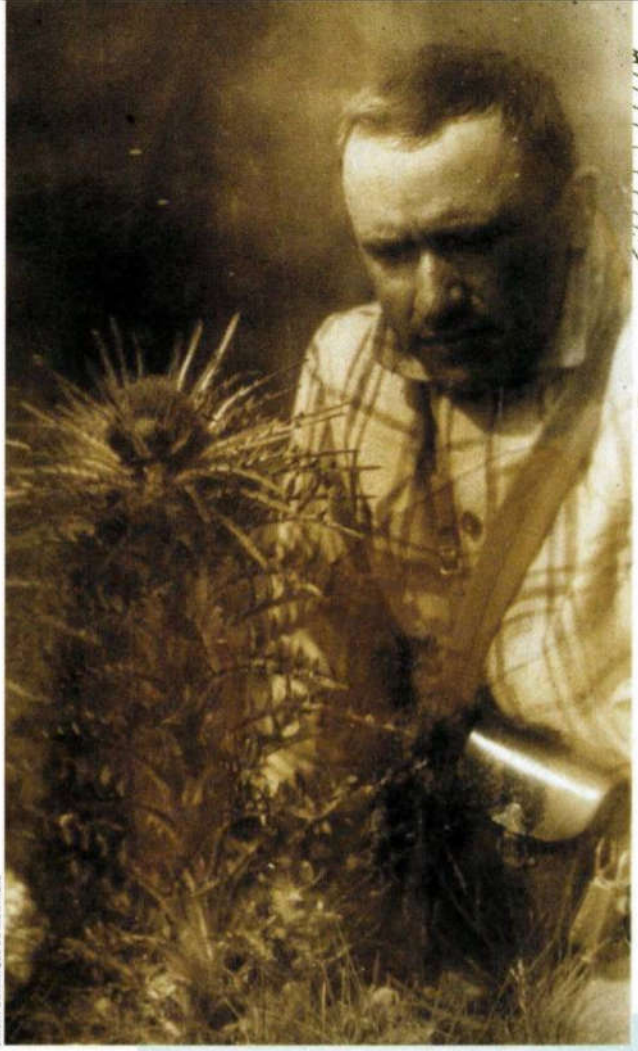
The enormity of the undertaking astounded him. So many species, each precision-engineered for a specific environmental niche! Marie-Victorin soon whipped the TB, but the botany bug boiled in his veins for the rest of his life. On his release he was sent to teach in Longueuil, where he teamed up with Brother Rolland-Germain, an experienced botanist, and spent every free moment botanizing the upper St. Lawrence Valley.

Marie-Victorin's scientific ambitions soon outstripped his self-taught skills, and in 1909 he entered correspondence study under Harvard botanist Merritt Lyndon Fernald. His papers began appearing in professional journals around the world, and in 1914 he embarked on the daunting task of writing a comprehensive botany of Quebec. Yet his dedication to educating the general public never waned, and his regular newspaper articles on science, education, and political issues were popular breakfast-table reading for shop clerks and streetcar operators. In 1920, now a de facto scientist, Marie-Victorin founded the Institut botanique of the University of Montreal, and three years later helped to set up the Société canadienne d'histoire naturelle.

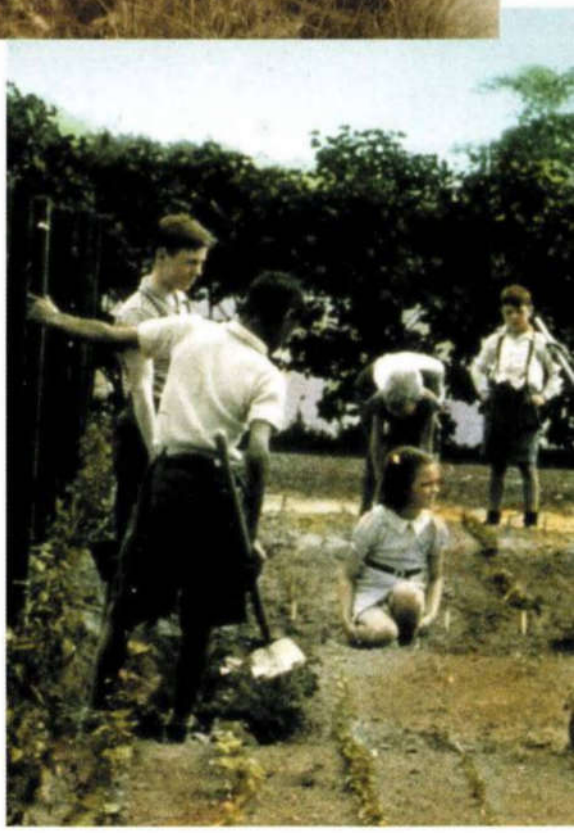
That same year, 1923, McGill botanist Francis Lloyd nominated Marie-Victorin to the biology section of the Royal Society of Canada. The all-anglophone review board refused, but relented the following year before heavy petitioning, placing Marie-Victorin in the French history and literature section – evidently judging that a more appropriate billet for a Québécois. Only in 1927 did the Royal Society finally bow to the inevitable and grant Marie-Victorin the science appointment he so richly deserved.

But Marie-Victorin's activities didn't always sit well with his employers. Monks are called to selflessness and obedience, and though as a teaching order the Écoles chrétiennes were comparatively worldly, their leadership was growing increasingly uneasy with Marie-Victorin's celebrity. He had become a pop-culture icon, his name synonymous with intelligence and erudition throughout French Canada. "He's no Marie-Victorin," said trendy francophones of slow-witted individuals. Even more alarming, the ambitious cleric publicly advocated such antiestablishment causes as gender equity, school reform, and Quebec nationalism.

Marie-Victorin's personal correspondence leaves little doubt of the strength of his convictions: "If there were female cardinals," he wrote to his sister, a nun and school director, "we'd see some changes in the Catholic Church." To a niece embarking on a tour of Europe, he wrote: "Don't be shocked by the nudity you'll see everywhere ... our education in these matters is crude." His advice to a nephew approaching ordination was shockingly apropos: "The day when the French



JARDIN BOTANIQUE DE MONTREAL



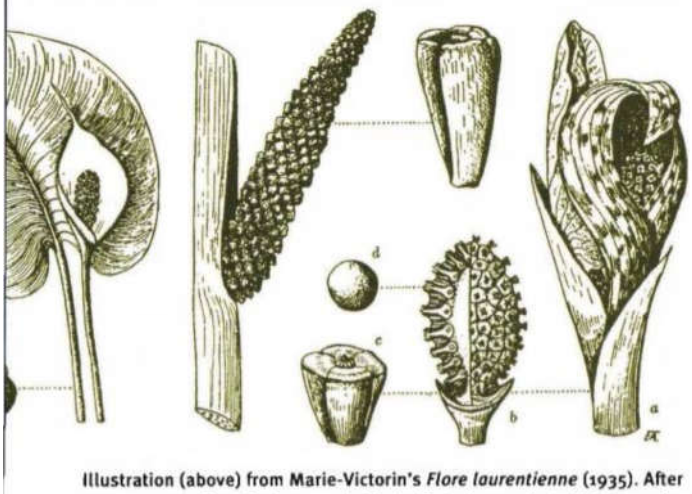


Illustration (above) from Marie-Victorin's *Flore laurentienne* (1935). After twenty years of meticulous work, Marie-Victorin completed this encyclopedic authority in Quebec flora. With over 900 pages and 2800 illustrations, this masterwork is still used in university studies today.

Marie-Victorin in the field (left) and in the student garden (below) at the Montreal Botanical Garden, 1944, which is said to be the last known photograph of the great scientist.

Canadian priest ... was a petty king in his rural parish, oblivious of the great noisy world, is gone. The priests of your generation will live by their wits."

Today these statements have the eerie ring of prophecy, anticipating as they do the Quiet Revolution by thirty years. His vision remains germane even in our time. He decried the plunder of Quebec by American corporations, saying it poisoned the environment and threatened Québécois culture. He foretold the decline of the Catholic Church in Quebec in an age when it governed every thought and action. He fingered lazy, politically sanitized schools as a threat to civil liberties and economic independence. And he encouraged female students to pursue careers in science; Marcelle Gauvreau, one of the great pioneers of science education in Quebec, was a Marie-Victorin protégée and colleague.

JARDIN BOTANIQUE DE MONTREAL

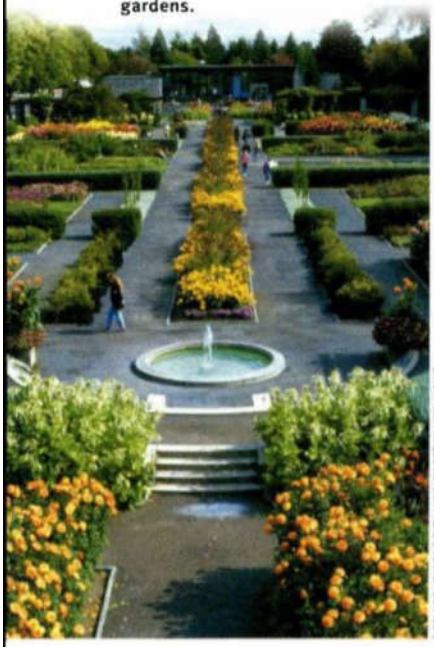
All of this in the darkest days of *la Grande Noirceur*, more or less the first half of the twentieth century, when abject obedience to authority, both religious and secular, was judged key to Quebec's cultural survival. Intellectual autonomy threatened that stratagem, and was zealously discouraged. In his 1992 book *French Canadians*, Michel Gratton excavates a pre-Quiet Revolution math curriculum that consisted of little more than calculating how many religious medallions a given sum of money might buy; his chapter on period schools is called "The Enemy Within." As late as 1960, Quebec's newspapers were set ablaze by the blistering criticism of Frère Untel (later revealed to be the pseudonym of writer/journalist Jean-Paul Desbiens), who denounced Quebec's hobbled school system, repressed intellect, and squandered potential.

Such was Marie-Victorin's world, and his defiance of it did not amuse his superiors. The distinguished scientist was frequently ordered into periods of enforced "reflection," during which he was forbidden to publish or communicate with the media. He also took extended retreats into cloistered life, apparently by mutual consent. The paradox eloquently encapsulates the contradictions of Catholic Quebec: fellow frontline clerics, such as his sister and teaching colleagues, applauded his work, but those in the upper ranks found it threatening. And aggravating them was dangerous sport for a lowly monk, however famous.

Nor were secular authorities more kindly disposed. For example, Marie-Victorin's campaign for an world-class botanical garden in Montreal was dogged by palace intrigue and dirty politics. Still, by banking on his unmatched name recognition, Marie-Victorin was able after a ten-year struggle to ram his Jardin botanique past nearsighted bureaucrats and Depression-era bean counters. As anti-German sentiment swelled in the late 1930s, he vociferously defended the garden's German-born architect, Henry Teuscher, from spurious spying charges. Even after the Jardin botanique finally opened in 1938, its existence still wasn't secure. With war on the horizon, a freshly elected anti-Marie-Victorin provincial premier leased the entire premises to the air force for one dollar. The thrust was typical, as was the parry by powerful Marie-Victorin supporters who stepped in and quashed the deal. Ultimately, they managed to get the garden transferred to municipal ownership, saving the cherished Montreal landmark from being bulldozed into a parade ground.

Marie-Victorin's public escapades are so colourful that it's tempting to dismiss his professional triumphs as routine or arcane. Yet had he never come to public attention, his academic accomplishments alone would have earned him an enduring place in Canada's pantheon. Of these, *Flore lau-*

Founded by Marie-Victorin in 1931, the Montreal Botanical Garden opened to the public in 1938. Today, this world-famous living museum boasts a collection of 22,000 plant species and cultivars, ten exhibition greenhouses, and some thirty thematic gardens.



JARDIN BOTANIQUE DE MONTRÉAL (PIERRE PERREAULT)

rentienne, his complete standard botany of subarctic Quebec, is certainly the greatest. Marie-Victorin laboured on this masterpiece, one of the world's best examples of the genre, for twenty years. The final result, first issued in 1935, is breathtaking in scope and detail.

"In the Canadian countryside," we read under *Arisaema atrorubens* (jack-in-the-pulpit),

> [the rhizomes] are employed against 'weak blood and stomach troubles'. The Iroquois give [it] the name Kah-â-hoo-sa, which means 'Indian cradle'; there is indeed a resemblance between the spathe that envelops the long spadix and the *nâgane* in which Indian women carry their babies.

Acorus calamus (sweet flag), we learn, was

> introduced to western and central Europe about 1574, when it was sent to Matthiole of Prague from Constantinople. ... In the Middle Ages, the rhizomes ... were used in cathedrals as a fragrant floor covering and they are still used in perfume and to flavour beer, wine, and snuff. ... In India, sweet flag sugar is a universal remedy for infant colic. ... the Chinese place *Acorus* (Pai-chang) at the head of the bed to repel lice.

More than a mere field guide, *Flore laurentienne* is a monument both to the man and the science that possessed his heart. Even the most dispassionate reader can't help but feel the love and respect he had for his subject, and above all, his utter mastery of it.

The Jardin botanique and *Flore laurentienne* would have been impressive as Marie-Victorin's only legacies, but they are just the most salient examples. Despite precarious health, he continued to teach classes, participate in international conferences, direct the University of Montreal science department and the Jardin botanique, and stump tirelessly for education reform. His article series appeared uninterrupted, and eventually won him a spot as moderator of a popular weekly CBC science program. Incredibly, while engaged in all of this, he also pursued epic expeditions through Europe, Africa, the Middle East, and the Caribbean. Cuba, whose warm breezes soothed Marie-Victorin's damaged lungs, became his second home. Neglecting superiors' orders to rest and heal, the ailing scholar botanized his way from one end of the island to the other. Shortly before his death, he received Cuba's National Order of Merit for seminal work in Cuban botany. In a telling measure of the respect in which he was held, the Canadian monk shared the award ceremony with the Archbishop of Havana.

For all of his trekking and triumphs, Marie-Victorin's end was touchingly prosaic. On July 15, 1944, he and several friends departed for Black Lake, about sixty kilometres south of Quebec City, to search for a rare fern. On the way home their car was struck head on by another. Seat belts were still twenty years in the future, and Marie-Victorin, seated beside the driver, was launched into the windshield with sufficient force to smash the glass. The head injury and broken foot were acutely painful, but not life threatening. Still, as he lay beside the road, the bleeding monk requested a priest. "I don't believe my heart will endure this," he explained through swollen lips.

The great scientist's analysis proved tragically accurate. At just fifty-nine, having received the last rites from the local priest, Marie-Victorin died in the back seat of a taxi en route to hospital.

Today, the venerated scholar's memory has faded from popular consciousness in Quebec, where most inhabitants would be hard-pressed to explain the "Marie-Victorin" streets, schools, and parks that pepper their province. Canadians elsewhere don't even enjoy that much information. However, to scientists and historians he remains one of the truly great Canadians, masterful and modest, a scholar who enhanced the international prestige of his young nation and profoundly changed the intellectual landscape of his society. Quebec's world-renowned university science departments owe their existence to Marie-Victorin, as does the eminently Canadian figure of the populist scientist. Product of a bygone, jarringly different society, his groundbreaking career nevertheless laid the foundations for that which we most value today.

Robert K. Henderson is a freelance writer and photographer living in Chatham, Quebec. He is the author of *The Neighborhood Forager: A Guide for the Wild Food Gourmet*, published in 2000 by Chelsea Green, and is currently working on a book about First Nations agriculture.

Et Cetera

***Marie-Victorin, Le botaniste patriote* by Pierre Couture. XYZ éditeur, Montreal, 1996.**

***Le Passion de Victorin* (1998) is one of several films about Marie-Victorin available through the National Film Board of Canada's French web site, <www.nfb.ca/f/>.**

To find out more about the Montreal Botanical Garden visit <www2.ville.montreal.qc.ca/jardin/jardin.htm>.

Internees, Evacuees, and Immigrants

Today Melville Island off Halifax's Northwest Arm is a haven for yachtsmen. Nearby Deadman's Island is a wooded park. But their tranquil beauty belies an anguished history.

by John Boileau

"This day we embark'd for Hell." The May 2, 1814 journal entry of captured American privateer Benjamin Franklin Palmer reflected his despair as he entered the British prison on Melville Island. Crowded together in a small space, he found two hundred fellow prisoners, gambling their only pastime as they waited in hope for parole or exchange. But occasionally there was something else to do; a prisoner would die and a burial party formed to lay the man at rest on nearby Deadman's Island.

May 2, 1814 was not an unusual day on Melville Island. A hectare and a half of land near the north end of the Northwest Arm, the long, narrow body of saltwater that forms the western boundary of peninsular Halifax, the island was for much of its postcontact history a place of suffering. Together with Deadman's Island, a swampy spit ninety metres across the water, surmounted by a piney knoll, Melville Island would see many deaths and burials besides those of Americans captured in the War of 1812. French and Spanish prisoners from the Napoleonic Wars, black refugees evacuated from the Chesapeake area during the British occupation, and Irish immigrants fleeing the potato famine would all find themselves confined – in one way or another – to these two tiny islands.

Melville Island was held in a succession of private hands for over forty years after the founding of Halifax in 1749 and featured a large storehouse, but the idea of using it as a prison appears not to have been raised until Revolutionary France declared war on Britain in 1793. Governor Sir John Wentworth arranged to rent it for sixty pounds from its owner, James Kavanagh, a fish merchant, but Brigadier James Ogilvie, who captured the governor of the nearby French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon and took over six hundred prisoners, contradicted him. The prisoners were kept at Halifax's Cornwallis Barracks, then shipped overseas to the Channel Islands.

Above: Melville Island viewed from Cowie's Hill looking toward Halifax. Colour aquatint by George Parkyns, 1801. Named for Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty from 1804 to 1806, the tiny island was earlier called Cowie's Island, after colonist Robert Cowie who in 1752, with John Aubony, received it as part of a 160-acre grant on the west side of the Northwest Arm. Ownership of the island passed through several hands at the end of the eighteenth century with fish merchant James Kavanagh the last before it was sold to the Admiralty at the beginning of the Napoleonic Wars.

An 1812 plan of Melville Island showing the prison, outbuildings, and officers' quarters.

While sources indicate a guard was placed on Melville Island in 1797, suggesting the possible presence of prisoners, the earliest confirmed evidence of its use as a prison isn't until 1803 when war once again broke out between England and France. That summer, French prisoners were housed in Kavanagh's former home and outbuildings, overseen by a detachment of British soldiers. A year after the first guard was mounted, Captain Robert Murray, who had arrived in Halifax as a government agent responsible for prisoners of war, purchased the island and some nearby mainland for a thousand pounds, a handsome return on Kavanagh's sixty-five-pound investment. The Royal Navy renamed the island after the First Lord of the Admiralty, Viscount Melville.

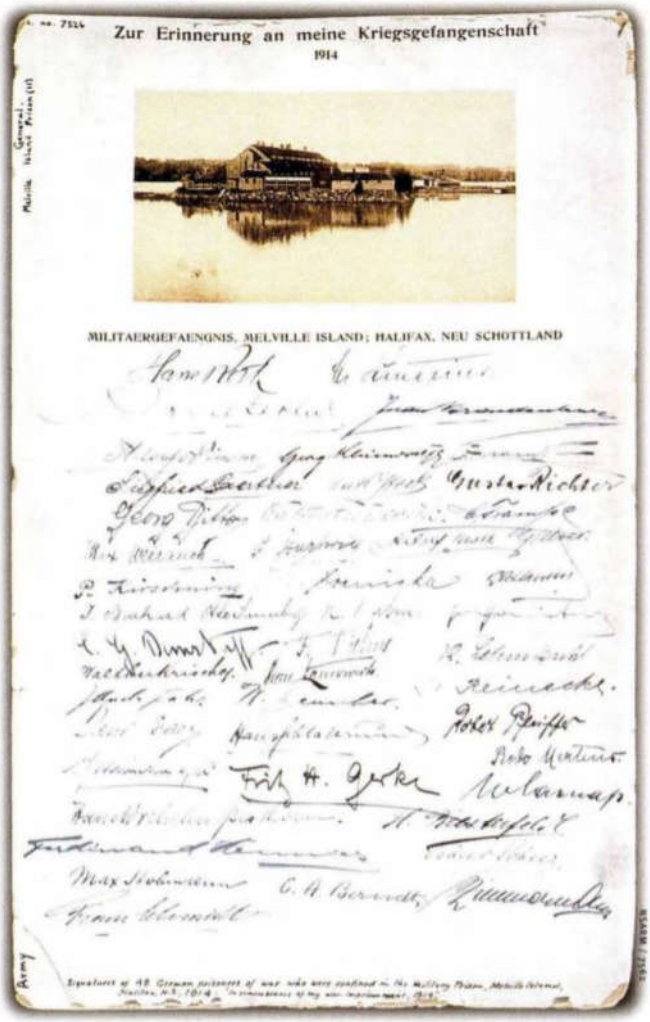
Between 1803 and 1813, 1,535 Frenchmen were imprisoned at Melville Island. Fifty-six of them died, as well as nine Spanish prisoners. By 1808, with Kavanagh's old buildings worse for wear and the guards and inmates suffering through the severe winters, the navy was forced to build new quarters – a large wooden prison plus a house on the island's hill for the governor's residence. During the renewed hostilities in the months following Napoleon's escape from Elba and his defeat at Waterloo in 1815, more French prisoners were incarcerated at Melville Island. Ten died, making a total of seventy-five of the emperor's men who perished in Melville Prison and were buried on the adjacent Target Hill, later known as Deadman's Island.

At first leniency was extended to French prisoners; officers were placed on parole and men allowed to leave the island and roam freely. But restrictions were imposed after a number escaped. Some escapees remained in the colony and married local women. One of them, François Lambert Bourneuf, became in succession a schoolteacher, seaman, shipbuilder, and finally member of the Legislative Assembly from 1843 to 1859.

Bourneuf spent three years on Melville Island and described the prison as a "healthy place" in which the hospital provided bed space for one hundred, although he never saw it full. According to him, there were very few deaths; those who did die were buried "in the cemetery on the other side of the bridge."

The French prisoners on the island filled their time by making trinkets for sale. A thriving bazaar soon arose, and the citizens of Halifax went to the island on Sundays to buy knitted goods, birchbark hats, bone ornaments, model ships, and other handmade items. The inmates even ran a wheel of fortune and a puppet show.

Signatures of forty-eight German prisoners of war who were confined in the military prison on Melville Island in 1914. The photograph of the prison dates from 1910. The caption reads, "A memento of my internment 1914; military prison, Melville Island, Halifax, Nova Scotia."



During the War of 1812, the British captured large numbers of American sailors, including the crews of at least forty privateers and merchantmen, as well as various warships, such as the frigate *Chesapeake*. Thousands were sent to Melville Island, where the general entry book shows 8,148 imprisoned.

Benjamin Waterhouse, a surgeon from a captured privateer, arrived at Melville Prison in May 1813 to find about nine hundred prisoners. His journal describes the prison layout in detail:

> *The buildings on Melville Island are constructed of wood. Beside the prison, there is a cookhouse, barracks for soldiers, and a store-house; a house for officers, and another for the surgeon … . These buildings are painted red, and have upon the whole a neat appearance. The prison itself is two hundred feet in length and fifty in breadth. It is two stories high; the upper one is for officers, and the infirmary and dispensary; while the lower part is divided into two prisons, one for the French, the other for the Americans: the prison yard is little more than an acre – the whole island being little more than five acres. It is connected on the south side with the main land by a bridge. The parade, so called, is between the turnkey's house and the barracks. From all which it may be gathered that Melville Island is a very humble garrison, and a very dreary spot for the person who commands there.*

But it was not so much the dullness of the surroundings as the disease-ridden state of the prison that affected many inmates. Cramping and the unsanitary conditions of the time led to outbreaks of infectious diseases. Typhus, smallpox, dysentery, pneumonia, and tuberculosis took a steady toll on the prisoners in their weakened state, while others simply succumbed to their wounds.

Benjamin Franklin Palmer's journal provides some of the earliest descriptions of burials in the area. A crewman on the Rolla, he was captured off New York's Long Island on December 10, 1813.

His entry for June 4, 1814, notes, "Three of the principal officers of the *Diomede* [a privateer] came in this day – four prisoners caried [sic] to Target Hill this morning a place where they bury the Dead – I'm fearful a number of us will visit that place this Summer, if not shortly released."

The dead were normally rowed across to tiny Deadman's

HMS *Shannon* leading her prize, the American frigate *Chesapeake* into Halifax Harbour, June 6, 1813. During the War of 1812, thousands of captured Americans were imprisoned on Melville Island.

Island, their bodies swathed in canvas shrouds, before being deposited in shallow graves. In later years, the effects of rain and sea erosion exposed human bones on the land and in the water.

The British maintained meticulous records of the prisoners they captured and those who died. Ironically, their records are better than the Americans kept on their own men. Between August 10, 1812 and March 30, 1815, a total of 195 American prisoners died.

Other Americans also came to Melville Island as a result of the War of 1812. When the British withdrew from Maryland after being repulsed at Fort McHenry, they carried with them hundreds of escaped slaves from Chesapeake Bay plantations, who begged the British to take them with them.

Additional black refugees continued to arrive from the United States until 1816, when their total reached about two thousand. When many of the early arrivals became destitute, a depot was established at Melville Island for initial processing before settlement in the Halifax area. Melville Island was also used to provide hospital facilities when smallpox broke out among the refugees. At least 107 of them died there. It is presumed – given the attitude to smallpox at the time – they were buried on remote Deadman's Island. Books of account for the establishment show expenses for coffins, the first time they are mentioned in connection with the island.

Melville Island was used again as a civilian hospital about thirty years later. A million Irish fled their country during the potato famine of 1845–1846, and about twelve hundred came to Halifax in 1847. A large number arrived sick with typhus and smallpox, straining the resources of the city's Richmond Hospital. In June 1847, the board of health ordered all typhus victims sent to Melville Island and all new Irish immigrants quarantined there. Even the medical staff who looked after the patients were not allowed to leave the island.

After the hospital closed at the end of September, the board of health reported thirty of the 203 patients admitted to the hospital had died. As these diseases were so dreaded, it is almost certain no one from outside the hospital would have gone near their bodies, and all thirty would have been buried on Deadman's Island.

The Irish were also housed on Melville Island during the 1854–1856 Crimean War. The Americans had declared neutrality in Britain's conflict with Russia, but Nova Scotia politician Joseph Howe, at the request of the colony's lieutenant governor, went to New York to recruit foreigners for the British Army under the terms of the new Foreign Enlistment Act. Though recruiting aliens in a neutral country was risky, Howe was successful in securing seven hundred men – mostly Germans and Irish – as "labourers for the railway" in an attempt to satisfy American law. The Germans were housed at the Citadel and the Irish on Melville Island, in the old prison building. The *London Illustrated News* carried a drawing of the "Foreign Legion Barracks" at Melville Island, while the accompanying article noted, "The situation of Melville Island is remarkably picturesque and in the summer it is a great resort of ladies of Halifax for pic-nics and lobster-spearing."

Howe's game came to a sudden end when the president of Halifax's Charitable Irish Society telegraphed New York with details of what he was doing, arousing considerable anger in that city's many anti-English inhabitants. His hotel surrounded by a furious mob, he barely escaped with his life.

In the mid-nineteenth century, Melville Island entered a new phase – a prison for its own. The lash, the preferred form of enforcing discipline in the British Army, began to fall from favour in place of prison sentences. The Mutiny Act of 1844 marked the general introduction of military prisons to the British Army, and by 1847, a small part of the Halifax Citadel was set aside for incarceration. But the Citadel site became overcrowded after a few years, and with other military barracks in town deemed inappropriate as prisons, Melville Island presented itself as a suitable alternative. By 1857, there were seventy prisoners on the island. In 1884, a new stone building with thirty-four cells was erected.

Melville Island viewed from Deadman's Island. The nucleus of the building in the centre, leased since 1948 by the Armdale Yacht Club, was the original governor's house built in 1808.

JOHN BOILEAU

In 1905, Melville Island came under the control of the Canadian Permanent Force with three prisoners in residence. Four years later, the term "detention barracks" replaced "prison" in the military, and on May 28, 1909 the last prisoner, a private of the Royal Canadian Regiment, was discharged. During its time as a British and Canadian military prison, there are no records of any burials there.

During World War I, a number of German prisoners were held on Melville Island and in the Citadel. After the war, the island fell into disuse and many of the buildings were torn down, while a fire destroyed the old wooden prison in 1935. It was used for a dozen years to 1941 to hold deserters from the military, and then as an ammunition depot until 1945. In 1948, the island was leased to the Armdale Yacht Club. Today, the old governor's house forms the nucleus of the clubhouse, while the cells in the former stone prison are used for storage.

A short distance across the water, Deadman's Island remains deserted, some four hundred graves of French, Spanish, and American prisoners, black refugees and Irish immigrants unmarked and hidden beneath its forested slopes.

Retired army colonel John Boileau was consulting editor for *A Century of Service: Canada's Armed Forces from the Boer War to East Timor* published in 2000 by the Nova Scotia International Tattoo Society. He lives in St. Margaret's Bay, Nova Scotia.

ET CETERA

Halifax: Warden of the North **by Thomas H. Raddall. Nimbus, Halifax, 1993.**

Grave Concerns

There are an estimated four hundred unmarked graves on Deadman's Island. But it was not always so.

Even the hastily dug prisoners' graves appear to have been marked. A bit of doggerel from American privateer Benjamin Franklin Palmer's 1814 journal noted there was "no monumental marble" to indicate the graves, but "the papal cross is plac'd next to the graves where papists rest."

The crosses soon disappeared. Nova Scotian author and historian Thomas Chandler Haliburton, visiting the prison in the 1820s, noted, "On a small hill to the southwest is the burying ground belonging to the establishment. It is no longer to be distinguished from the surrounding woods, but by the mounds of earth which have been placed over the dead; the whole being covered with a thick shrubbery of trees."

For a number of years there was a lone marked grave on the island, and a romantic legend grew up around it. John Dixon was supposedly a soldier who fell in love with his colonel's daughter. The father, angry and upset, imprisoned Dixon on trumped-up charges to get him away from the young girl. Despondent, the soldier drowned himself in the waters of the Northwest Arm.

A wooden grave marker was erected over his burial site, enclosed by a neatly painted fence. For years afterwards, soldiers at the prison maintained his grave, while nearby the graves of many others were unmarked – and unearthed.

The real story is much more mundane. Dixon was a seaman from Cape Breton who died nearby of fever in 1847. Soldiers did look after his grave, perhaps believing the popular story.

After the wooden slab fell over sometime in the early 1900s, the island's owner presented it to the Provincial Museum where it is preserved today. But the exact location of Dixon's grave passed from human memory.

Over the years, visitors reported shallow graves being uncovered by heavy storms and human skeletons exposed. Charles Longley, who purchased the island from the Admiralty in 1907, built a dance hall on it about 1909. He dug up three skulls while gardening there and placed them in the basement of the dancehall to deter thieves from entering it. The skulls were promptly stolen.

As late as 1959 another human skull was discovered embedded in the frozen ground close to the western shore of Deadman's Cove by a resident excavating an addition to his house.

In 1998 a developer proposed turning Deadman's Island and the adjoining area into a condominium complex. Local residents objected, worried about loss of trees, overall aesthetics, and the site's rich heritage.

The Northwest Arm Heritage Association led the fight. Its members enlisted the support of various American veterans' groups by informing them about the long-forgotten graves containing the remains of their countrymen. Ultimately, the association and its allies were successful. The city of Halifax bought the land for $200,000, preventing its commercial development.

Interest among Americans who are concerned that the graves of their war dead remain unmarked continues to grow. At a June 2000 ceremony, Tennessee Air National Guardsmen training in Nova Scotia planted a miniature U.S. flag on the island for each American buried at the site. U.S. veterans' groups have also petitioned congressmen and senators, and formally asked the American government to erect a group monument commemorating the men buried there almost two centuries ago. Their lobbying has been successful, and the U.S. Department of Veterans' Affairs recently announced they would provide a memorial honouring the men who died there. The monument, consisting of a bronze plaque mounted on a light-gray granite base, is scheduled to be unveiled on American Memorial Day, May 31, 2004. —J.B.

by D'Arcy Jenish **David Thompson undertook a monumental task in the early nineteenth century – to survey over three million square kilometres of largely uncharted land from Hudson Bay west to the Pacific Ocean. Decades later, the map he produced would prove essential to British and American politicians negotiating the fate of the great North American West – though he himself would be nearly forgotten.**

The Great Map

The map. William McGillivray, chief director of the North West Company, wanted the map, and he wanted it that spring before he left Montreal for the annual rendezvous at Fort William. Granted, he and his fellow partners had given Thompson three years to produce it, commencing with the meeting of July 1812, but circumstances had changed. The war, he was certain, would end soon. The Canadas would remain British. There was no reason to think the armies of the raucous republic would take British America this year, something they had failed to do in the summers of 1812 and 1813.

But elsewhere on the continent, the war had altered the status quo. The British navy had imposed a blockade on American ports. That had made it impossible for John Jacob Astor, founder of the American Fur Company, to send ships with supplies and provisions to Fort Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia. His links with the post had been severed and his transpacific commercial enterprise had collapsed.

McGillivray had stepped into the breach. He had sent an expedition down the Columbia in the spring of 1813 – two canoes and sixteen men under the command of his cousin John George McTavish, who was instructed to negotiate the purchase of Astoria with the partners there of Astor's subsidiary, the Pacific Fur Company. He had sent a second expedition by sea, this one led by John McDonald of Garth. In March 1813 the *Isaac Todd*, a North West Company vessel, had left Portsmouth, England, destined for the Columbia and accompanied by a second ship, *The Raccoon*, as well as a naval escort, HMS *Phoebe*.

In the spring of 1814, sitting in the Montreal headquarters of the North West Company, McGillivray had no idea how these ventures had fared, but he was confident of their success and anticipated news at the rendezvous in July. The acquisition of a post at the mouth of the Columbia would be a personal triumph for McGillivray and a crowning achievement for the company.

His uncle, the bullish and powerful Simon McTavish, had pushed the trade into the Athabasca country and nearly to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. In the decade since McTavish's death, McGillivray had pushed it across the mountains and on to the Columbia. The Nor'Westers had left behind their old rivals – the Company of Adventurers – who were still stalled east of the Rockies. With Astoria, they would prevail over that ambitious upstart Astor, who thought he could achieve in an instant what had taken them decades. They would become unrivalled masters of a commercial enterprise stretching from Atlantic to Pacific.

McGillivray wanted the map to celebrate this triumph. He would hang it in the Great Hall at Fort William, the hallowed space where the proprietors of the company, both the Montreal agents and the wintering partners, met every summer to dine, to carouse, and to plot their common future. The map would be informative and inspiring. The men of the North West Company would be able to stand beneath it and discern in an instant the precise location of their posts and the routes they followed to reach them. But more impor-

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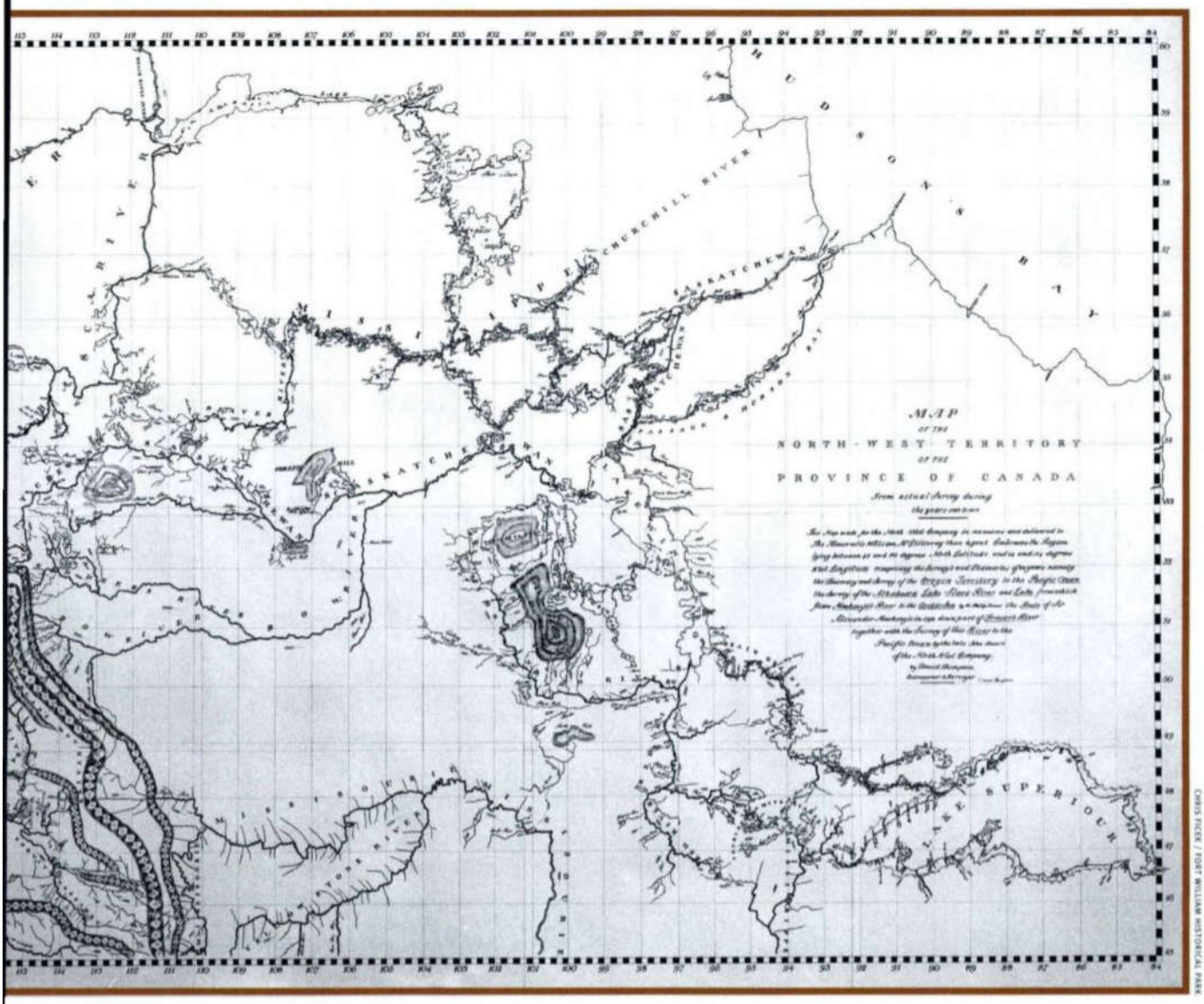


CHRIS PUZEY / FORT WILLIAM HISTORICAL PARK

David Thompson (1770–1857) apprenticed to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1784 where he studied surveying and mapmaking with Philip Turnor, the HBC's official surveyor. Finding the HBC unsupportive of his work, he joined the North West Company in 1797, where he began the explorations that would lead to his masterwork, the Map of the North-West Territory of the Province of Canada.

tantly, they could behold the vast empire they had created by dint of hard work, perseverance, and raw ambition.

McGillivray's demand for early delivery of the maps had put Thompson in a tight spot. He had planned to draw the map in 1814, but not by June. He was not even certain he would have his materials and supplies by then. These he had ordered from England the previous autumn – fifty sheets of Imperial paper, ten dozen black lead pencils for drawing, one dozen small camel-hair pencils, two cakes of the best India ink, and one bottle of India rubber – and they would arrive at Montreal aboard a North West Company supply ship as soon as the ice was out of the St. Lawrence.

Besides, Thompson had another obligation to meet that spring. The military had awarded him a contract for seven of his cedar-plank canoes. He hired three men and a boy and together they began work on the project in mid-March. By late June, he and his helpers had completed the sixth canoe and were busy working on the seventh. He had also completed his map, though he devoted only a one-line entry to the subject in his diary, indicating he had delivered it on June 10: "done the Chart for Mr. Wm McGillivray and sent it him the 10th Inst." But he did not think it his best work. It had been produced on demand and he would later describe it as "a hasty, rough map."

Wonder, curiosity, indifference: the map evoked all three in the hundreds of Nor'Westers who saw it.

The map arrived rolled and tied and McGillivray anxiously opened it. He and an assistant laid it flat on a table and placed books

and other objects at the edges to hold it down. It was six feet, nine inches tall and ten feet, four inches wide and made of twenty-five sheets of paper glued together. McGillivray had never seen such a thing: a whole chunk of the continent lay on the table before him. His eyes roved from east to west, from the sweeping arc of Superior's north shore to Lake Winnipeg. From there he followed the Saskatchewan River to the squiggle of the Rocky Mountains. Here he paused to contemplate the drift of the Rockies, which pulled his eyes from top left to bottom right.

Beyond the Rockies were other ranges, of which he had known nothing till this very moment. The first was labelled DUNCAN'S MOUNTAINS. They began between the fiftieth and fifty-first parallel of longitude, continued southeast to the forty-ninth and straight south from there to the forty-eighth. Thompson had named these mountains after McGillivray's brother Duncan, who had died much too soon, in 1808 at age thirty-eight, and McGillivray, whose character had been hardened by a decade of leadership, was moved by this tribute to his sibling.

Immediately to the west, and commencing a little farther north, he saw NELSON'S MOUNTAINS. He saw his own name in MCGILLIVRAY'S RIVER, which flowed south from the valley between these two mountain ranges. McGillivray let his eyes wander back to the upper right-hand corner of the map, and here was a section of the Hudson Bay shoreline, complete with the coves and inlets that gave it an irregular shape, and just below it was Thompson's inscription in graceful handwriting:

MAP
of the
NORTH-WEST TERRITORY
of the
PROVINCE OF CANADA
From actual Survey during
the years 1792 to 1812

The Map made for the North West Company
in 1813 and 1814 and delivered to
The Honorable William McGillivray then Agent Embraces
the Region lying between 45 and 60 degrees North Latitude
and 84 and 124 degrees west Longitude comprising the Surveys and Discoveries of 20 years namely The Discovery and
Survey of the Oregon Territory to the Pacific Ocean the survey of the Athabasca Lake Slave River and Lake from which
flows Mackenzies River to the Arctic Sea by Mr. Philip Turnor
the Route of Sir Alexander Mackenzie in 1792 down part of
Frasers River together with the Survey of this River
to the Pacific Ocean by the late John Stewart
of the North West Company
by David Thompson
Astronomer and Surveyor
David Thompson

The map was filled with engaging detail. Each of the company's seventy-eight trading posts was accurately located and identified by the initials NWCo. Arrows indicated the direction in which the rivers flowed. All the major waterways that carried the company's men into and out of the country were represented and dozens of secondary streams were as well.

McGillivray was mesmerized. He could have spent the day there, but he had work to do. He was leaving soon for the rendezvous. He had the map rolled and tied and placed with his luggage.

Fort William was a village, shut up behind sharpened palisades fifteen feet high. It was quiet most of the year, but came to life for about two months every summer when partners and voyageurs converged for the rendezvous. There were dwellings for the partners, apartments for year-round residents, stores, warehouses and even a jail for wayward employees, and at the heart of the place a central square. Within the square there stood a large, impressive building with a grand entrance. There was a verandah, raised five feet, columns, and a balcony. The front doors, centrally located, opened to the Great Hall, a space that would have seemed palatial to the clerks, the interpreters, the guides, and the partners, who spent close to ten months each year in cramped, roughly constructed trading posts.

The hall was sixty feet long and thirty wide. Dinner for two hundred could be served at the long rows of narrow tables. The side walls were adorned with paintings: a full-length image of Horatio Nelson, a scene from the Battle of the Nile, and portraits of Simon McTavish, McGillivray, and others who had made the North West Company the powerful enterprise that it was. The wall at the end of the hall, opposite McGillivray's seat at the head table, was empty, and it was there that he hung his magnificent map.

Wonder, curiosity, indifference: the map evoked all three in the hundreds of Nor'Westers who saw it. Nobody admired the map more than McGillivray. From his seat at the head table, he could glance at the other end of the hall and see the outlines of the grand natural features that defined the continent and his empire. After dinner, with a cluster of clerks and other underlings hovering behind him, he would examine the map in detail and those gathered around might point out their posts (Rocky Mountain House, Fort Augustus, Spokane House, Kullyspel House) or relate adventures that had occurred in places like the Porcupine Hills, the Athabasca Pass, and Pine Island Lake.

Only one person recorded his thoughts upon viewing the map and that was Ross Cox. He had served at Fort Astoria and joined the North West Company after the sale of the post in 1813. Cox visited Fort William in August 1817 and described the map in his daily journal.

"At the upper end of the hall is a very large map of the Indian country, drawn with great accuracy by Mr. David

Thompson, astronomer to the Company, and comprising all their trading posts, from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean, and from Lake Superior to Athabasca and Great Slave Lake," he wrote. "This immense territory is very little known, except to those connected with the Company; and if it did not interfere with their interests, the publication of Mr. Thompson's map would be a most valuable addition to our geographical knowledge of the interior of that great continent."

"Nothing less than an unremitting perseverance bordering on enthusiasm could have enabled him to have brought these maps to their present state; in early life he conceived the idea of this work, and Providence has given him to complete, amidst various dangers, all that one man could hope to perform."

Cox was right. The map would have added much to the geographical knowledge of the day. It was the first comprehensive depiction of that territory. It contained more detail than any yet produced and it was more accurate. But McGillivray and the other Montreal-based agents had no interest in furthering the world's understanding of the western interior. That could only arouse interest in and curiosity about those lands and their economic potential and would ultimately lead to settlement.

The Nor'Westers had had their first brush with settlers – thanks to Thomas Douglas, the Earl of Selkirk, and his mad scheme to plant a colony of poor and displaced Scottish Highlanders at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. The results were disastrous for both sides. The newcomers almost immediately found themselves besieged by an alliance of Nor'Westers and Metis who waged a campaign of harassment and intimidation to drive them from the country. The hostilities culminated in a wild gunfight on June 19, 1816, at a wooded area known as Seven Oaks, about a mile and a half north of the forks. When the shooting ceased, about twenty settlers and one Nor'Wester were dead. The Nor'Westers had carried the day, but they were then engaged in a larger, economic fight for survival against the Hudson's Bay Company – a struggle they were destined to lose.

Thompson took no part in these disputes. His passion was science, not economics. His map was a product of the foremost science and the leading technology. It would enhance humanity's knowledge and understanding of the vast northwestern interior of North America, which had been mostly blank space on the maps of the world when he arrived there as a boy in 1784. He had not spent twenty years conducting surveys and making observations only to hang a map on a wall at Fort William. He wanted his work published.

He created two copies between 1814 and 1817, both improvements on the rough, hasty draft he had drawn for McGillivray, and he sent these to the British Foreign Office. In the summer of 1820, he tried to raise the money necessary to have the map published in England. He wrote a prospectus describing the work and the lands it would embrace and why his map was superior to those currently in circulation.

"Of these regions the map makers have no doubt given the best delineation they could acquire," he wrote, "but of what was known, so little was founded on astronomical observations; and their being obliged to fill up the vacant space with what information they could procure has led them into many errors.

"In this map now offered to the public, almost all the great Rivers on the above part of this continent, on both sides of the great Mountains are traced to their sources; the sources of the Mississippi, and several other great rivers, and the shores of Lake Superior have been examined and laid down by the Author only."

He also offered a chart – a map showing the broad outlines of the principal rivers, mountain ranges, and hills, supplemented by an inventory of the natural resources of the region. It would include the position and limits of coal deposits, the various types of bedrock, the forests and plains, and the habitat of bison, elk, red deer, wild sheep, and other game.

Speaking in the third person, Thompson described how and why he had created these works. "Nothing less than an unremitting perseverance bordering on enthusiasm could have enabled him to have brought these maps to their present state; in early life he conceived the idea of this work, and Providence has given him to complete, amidst various dangers, all that one man could hope to perform."

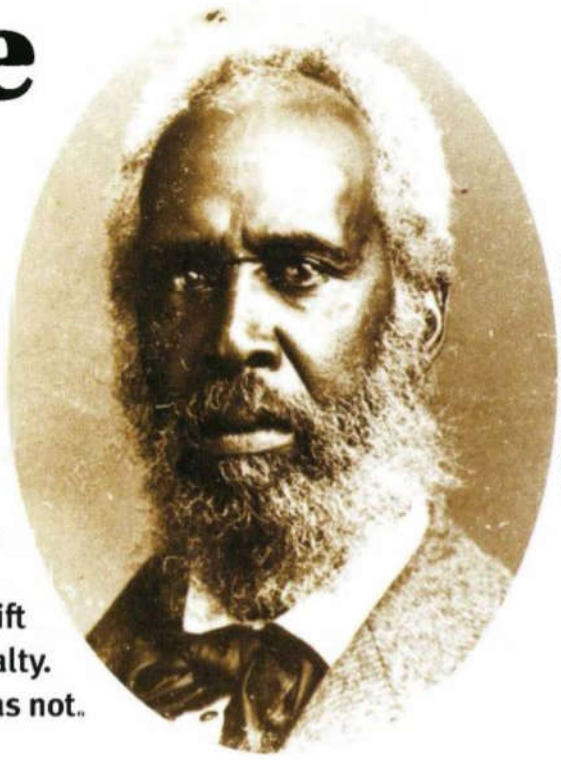
But there were no takers. Thompson had no supporters or advocates in London, living and working as he did in a small and distant colony. Furthermore, decades would pass before those who wielded power in the world's capitals needed such a map. It would be twenty-five years before British and American diplomats began negotiating the division of territories west of the Rockies and required accurate maps. More than half a century would elapse before the newborn Dominion of Canada annexed the northwest territory from the Hudson's Bay Company and sought out a detailed and reliable map to take stock of its new holdings.

In the meantime, Thompson's work did find its way into the cartography of Europe and America. His great map became the property of the Hudson's Bay Company after the 1821 merger with the North West Company and was made available to the Arrowsmith firm. Aaron Arrowsmith died in 1823, but his firm survived until 1874, first under sons Aaron and Samuel and later under his nephew John. They continued to publish Arrowsmith's *Map Exhibiting all the New Discoveries in the Interior Parts of North America* until after 1850 and enriched later editions by incorporating the work of David Thompson, but he remained an unnamed, uncompensated contributor, a mere colonial whose achievements were deemed unworthy of recognition.

The Prince & the Pistols

by Guy Simser

James "Gunsmith" Jones's gift was fit for royalty. His patrimony was not.



WOODSTOCK INSTITUTE SERTOMA HELP CENTRE

James Monroe Jones, born into a North Carolina slave family, was a graduate of Ohio's Oberlin College. He settled in Chatham, Canada West, in 1852, where he earned a reputation for his craftsmanship in firearms manufacture. He died in 1906.

For years, visits to Canada by British royalty have provided the *hoi polloi* with fodder for gossip. The most recent national sucking-of-breath would be the October 2002 media exposure of the little-engine-that-couldn't during the Queen's ill-fated water-taxi ride in Winnipeg. No matter the excruciating planning, Murphy's Law often rules the day.

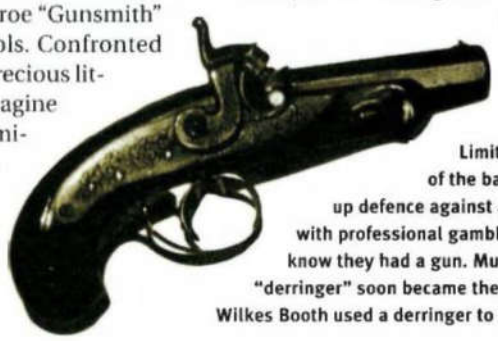
Such was the case in September 1860 during a visit by the Prince of Wales, the future King Edward VII. The prince had been persuaded to divert his first extensive official Canadian tour to Chatham, Ontario, in order to accept a finely crafted pair of derringer pistols made by a local gunsmith and engraver of coffin-plates and Canadian Pacific Railway dining-car silverware.

As scheduled by minions, the prince arrived promptly in his royal coach at the Chatham rail station where he unexpectedly found himself twiddling his thumbs for ten minutes while local officials earnestly huddled to solve a last-minute difficulty. This procedural hiccup was reported in a local newspaper of the time, the *Chatham Tri-weekly Planet*. Apparently, a certain prominent citizen named Mr. McKellar had been informed, much too late, that a black businessman and manufacturer named James Monroe "Gunsmith" Jones had made the gift of derringer pistols. Confronted with a dilemma, the local pooh-bahs had precious little time to smooth it over. One can only imagine the tension of red-faced locals, under the ominous ticking of the always-punctual railway clock, as they strained to find a way out of their predicament. *Schadenfreude* indeed!

Oh, to have been a fly on the wall, to have seen the tight-throated demeanour of whoever was selected to duly inform an impatient prince that there had been, ahem, a change in plans; that the derringers had been made by contaminated hands and as such could not be presented to a member of the Royal Family.

The black man in question was the proud son of an American slave born in 1794 who had become a blacksmith and gunsmith. James Monroe Jones's father, because of a deceptive master, had paid twice for his family's freedom before moving them to the free state of Ohio. Once there, he ensured that his four sons graduated from Oberlin College.

After graduation, the eldest son, nicknamed "Gunsmith," entered Canada West, where he married Emily Francis of Howard Township. In 1852, they settled in Chatham, with its burgeoning black population. By 1860, as a major Underground Railroad terminal, the region's black population approached 33 percent. The *Canada Directory* for 1857 lists J.M. Jones as a "manufacturer of rifles, guns and pistols." James Gooding, publisher of *The Canadian Journal of Arms Collecting*, names Jones as "one of six Canadian gunsmiths



WOODSTOCK INSTITUTE SERTOMA HELP CENTRE

Gunsmith Jones crafted a pair of derringer pistols for Edward, Prince of Wales, who was making a three-month tour of British North America in 1860 that included stops from St. John's to Windsor. The derringer-style pistol was pioneered by American Henry Derringer who began producing small, easily concealed pistols in 1825. Limited in range due to the extreme shortness of the barrel, derringers were designed for close-up defence against attackers and quickly became popular with professional gamblers and others who didn't want people to know they had a gun. Much imitated by other gun manufacturers, "derringer" soon became the generic name for all pocket guns. John Wilkes Booth used a derringer to assassinate Abraham Lincoln in 1865.

who had the skill...to be compared with the best in the world."

"Gunsmith," as a slave's son in those difficult times, would have known that Canada's first Parliament in 1793 had passed the first antislavery law in the British Empire. For many years, American blacks saw the British colony as a friendly and sympathetic ally in their fight for freedom. Given that context, his desire to offer an exquisite gift made by his own hands would be understandable. It would be a gesture of gratitude to the Crown, and, as well, a gesture of pride from a black craftsman who was equal or superior to many white gunsmiths whose opportunities to learn a craft were much less limited.

Nevertheless, due to the temper of the times, local officials held other views and stood by them. The future British king puffed out of Chatham station empty-handed and without public comment. The local cabal dispersed, no doubt in a cloud of steam and soot. There is no record of the feelings of "Gunsmith" Jones. However, shortly after the incident, the *Tri-Weekly Planet* reported, perhaps with a sense of irony, that a "duplicate derringer pair" crafted by Jones, had won a medal at the Montreal Manufacturing and Trade Fair. Since then, a photo has been found of a medal awarded by the California State Agricultural Society to Jones in 1859. This medal is clearly inscribed "derringer pistols."

Chatham's Gwen Robinson, a descendant of the black American Shadd family and author of *Seek the Truth: A Story of Chatham's Black Community* claims the Jones incident reflects a trail of prejudice she found in documents during fifteen years of research for her book. She describes Jones as "a highly respected black community leader in the growth years of Chatham when the region offered freed slaves and fugitives a place to farm and earn a living in peace." Jones did just that. By 1874, the spurned craftsman had become a Chatham justice of the peace.

In response to an 1875 Oberlin College survey of graduate occupations, Jones replied, one assumes with some pride, "Justice of the Peace, appointment for life. By the Government and Governor-General." In his final years he moved to his son's home in Ann Arbour, Michigan, where he died in 1906 at the age of eighty-five. The final disposition of the derringers fit for a king is not known. Other Jones's weapons and awards may be viewed at Windsor, Chatham, and U.S. museums.

Guy Simser is a writer living in Kanata, Ontario.

ET CETERA

Information on black history in the Chatham area is available on the Chatham-Kent Black Historical Society web site, <www.mnsi.net/~wishc/heritageroom/>.

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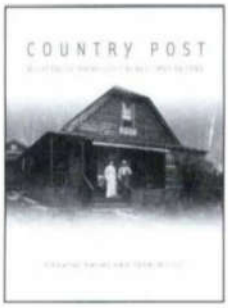

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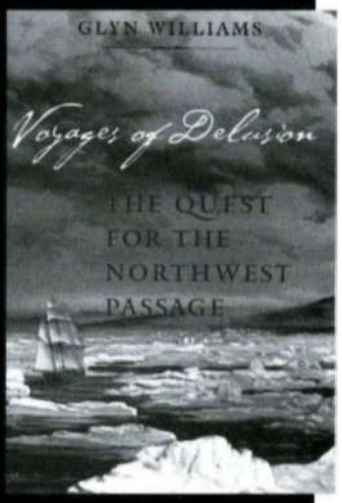
PASSAGE PASSION

Having spent the past three years researching and writing a book about the explorer Samuel Hearne, I am naturally sensitive to what is written about him. In *Voyages of Delusion*, which treats the quest for the Northwest Passage in the eighteenth century, historian Glyn Williams has got almost everything right about Hearne; the sole exception is that he confuses a bit of chronology, having the explorer investigate a copper mine before – and not, correctly, soon after – he became the first European to reach the Arctic coast of North America.

More significantly, and indeed quite wonderfully, while portraying many voyages and many expeditions, Williams accords Hearne's singular achievement the recognition it deserves. Having divided his epic saga into two parts – east coast, west coast – Williams ends the first part with the story of Hearne, who demonstrated that no passage could possibly emerge out of Hudson Bay, because if it did, he would have crossed it in his travels. Not only that, but the historian rightly uses Hearne as a touchstone, making no fewer than seventeen references, some running more than a page, and elucidating, for example, how his achievement impacted the later voyages of Captain James Cook.

The recognition Williams grants this pioneering explorer – an ex-Royal Navy midshipman acting on behalf of Hudson's Bay Company – goes to the heart of his authorial achievement. Most historians tell only one-third of this particular story, focusing either on voyages to the east coast, voyages up the west coast, or on the overland expeditions of fur traders. In his 1962 book, *The British Search for the Northwest Passage in the Eighteenth Century*, Williams became one of the first historians to address the quest through the 1700s as a coherent whole, drawing on HBC records as well as those of the British Admiralty.

Four decades later, he has revisited that same subject in what can only be regarded as a definitive rendition. Most of the material – starting with the doomed 1719 voyage of James Knight and ending in the 1790s with the voyages of George Vancouver – will be familiar to those interested in exploration history. Still, the author's depictions of man against nature are fresh and evocative. Williams writes, for example, of Christopher Middleton wintering over at Churchill in the early



Voyages of Delusion: The Quest for the Northwest Passage
by Glyn Williams
Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 2003
496 pp., illus., US $29.95 hardcover

1740s, contending with ten feet of ice topped by thirteen feet of snow: "most of them men were hacking away at the ice around the ships' sides. They were partly sheltered from the driving snow by a sail hung across the bow, but even so could not work in the freezing conditions without spells in front of the fire."

What's more, Williams is probably without peer in tracing influences and interconnections. He brings to life the story of how Arthur Dobbs, that obsessive armchair geographer, destroyed Middleton's reputation because, despite the mounting evidence, he

refused to believe that no Northwest Passage ran westward out of Hudson Bay.

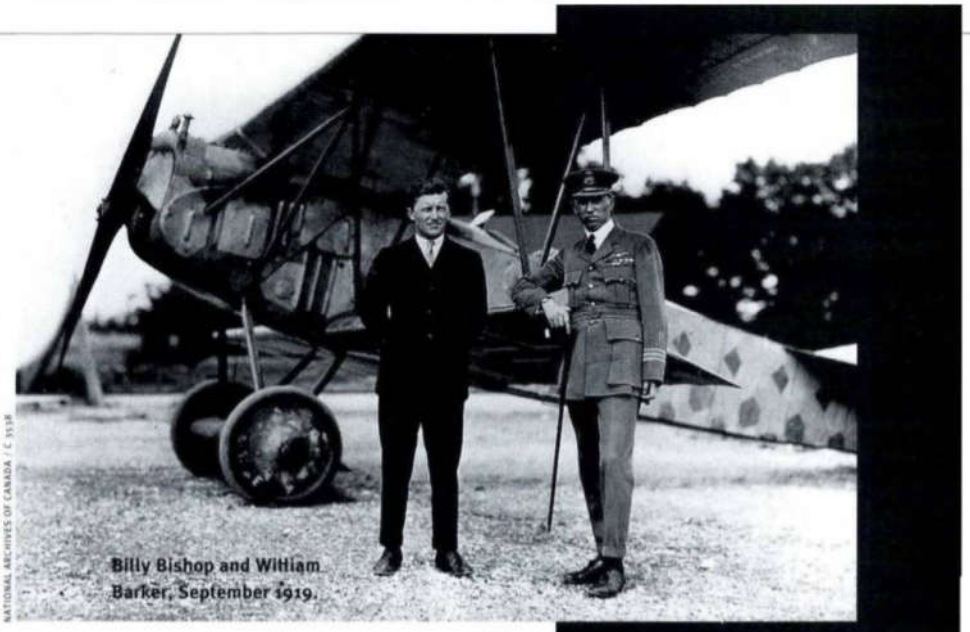
The colourful evocations, together with the authoritative treatment of interconnection, nuance, and detail, leave no doubt that Williams is a master historian. Almost certainly, judging from the evidence here presented, he knows more than anyone else about the quest for the Northwest Passage in the eighteenth century.

All that said, *Voyages of Delusion* does contain both eye-glazing patches of summary and undeveloped scenes. Because Williams is an outstanding practitioner of his craft, these shortcomings clearly arise from the way that craft is currently practised. They arise, I would suggest – and reduce readability, and exclude a broad audience of nonspecialists – because, somewhere along the way, history turned to science when it should have looked to literature.

In *Voyages of Delusion*, not long after his virtual destruction by Dobbs, Christopher Middleton is summoned for consultation aboard a Dobbs-backed discovery ship about to cross the Atlantic expressly to discredit him. Williams writes: "What passed between him and his former colleagues, and in particular his cousin William Moor [the ship's captain], is not recorded in the expedition's records, and Middleton's log ... has not survived."

The historian passes on in silence, as mandated by the pseudoscientific conventions of his craft. Here, where the dullest novelist would leap to reconstruct the confrontation scene, Williams refuses to speculate, to go beyond the dubious evidence of primary documents – resolutely refuses to dramatize his best guess, well-informed though it certainly is.

One can't help wondering what would happen if superlative historians like Glyn Williams stopped pretending that they practise science and accepted that they write literature. Maybe history would win its audience back?



Billy Bishop and William Barker, September 1919.

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Reviewed by **Ken McGoogan**, author of *Ancient Mariner: The Amazing Adventures of Samuel Hearne, the Sailor Who Walked to the Arctic Ocean*.

A TALE OF TWO BILLYS

Billy Bishop and Billy Barker, two of Canada's legendary World War I flying aces, were featured in separate documentaries on Canadian television during the spring of 2003. Between them, the two Billys are credited with destroying 122 enemy planes, each earning the Victoria Cross and a place in history. Both pilots were regarded as heroes at the time, but during the past twenty years, Bishop's credibility has been repeatedly called into question and Barker's achievements have largely been forgotten. These productions assess the lives of Bishop and Barker and try to explain why.

A Hero to Me is a personal evaluation of Billy Bishop, written, narrated, and coproduced by his granddaughter, Toronto television producer Diana Bishop. Bishop recounts the pilot's exploits, including the famous solo attack on a German aerodrome that earned him the VC in 1917. She confronts the debate surrounding that event, which some claim never occurred. But Bishop takes the high road, examining the ace's life and its connection to her own in *A Hero to Me*. This results in her forming a deep appreciation and respect for her grandfather and also her father, former World War II pilot and writer Arthur Bishop. She concludes that both men's military service and postwar life make them heroes to her.

The production is as much a private individual's self-analysis as it is a search for the truth about a public figure, and it marks the first time that family members have spoken at length about the controversy surrounding Bishop.

Director Craig Thompson's brilliant opening scenes help to set the stage for what follows, but it is often difficult to determine who has top billing. *A Hero to Me* describes both the ace's feats and Bishop's career through a series of interviews and short sound bites, a documentary style whose use here is not surprising given Bishop's journalist

A Hero to Me
Produced by Diana Bishop and Craig Thompson
Directed by Craig Thompson
(60 minutes), VHS format
Distributed by Koch Entertainment, 2003

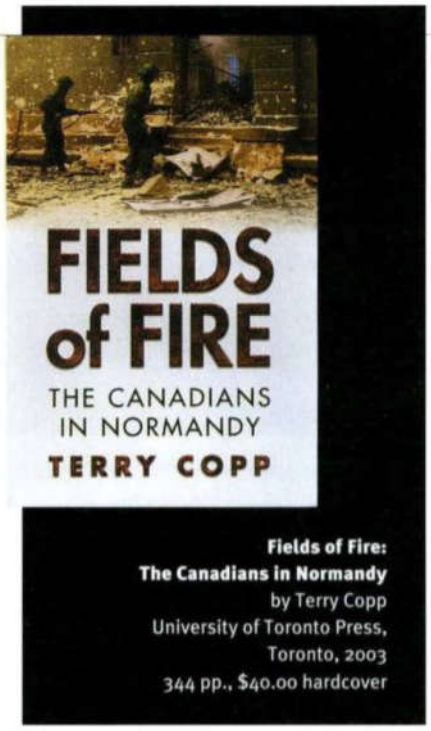
The Hero's Hero: The Forgotten Life of William Barker
Produced by Johanna Eliot
Directed by Michael MacDonald
(60 minutes), VHS format
Distributed by Ocean Entertainment Ltd., 2003, $24.99

background. In the end, *A Hero to Me* shows Bishop in a remarkably objective light, leaving the ultimate question of whether he was a hero or a villain for viewers to decide.

MacDonald's documentary is based on a book about Barker written by British Columbia author Wayne Ralph. Barker was a rural Manitoba farm boy with a steady shot and nerves of steel whose war service ended in hospital, the result of a dogfight that nearly claimed his life. Barker was awarded with 50 aerial victories, the fourth-highest-scoring Canadian ace, with only Bishop's 72 victories, Raymond Collishaw's 60, and Donald MacLaren's 54 ranking higher.

MacDonald, who cowrote *The Hero's Hero*, goes into elaborate detail on Barker's early life and even includes interviews with a surviving brother and sister. Still photographs and archival film footage provide an additional dimension. *The Hero's Hero* shows that Barker's postwar dependence on alcohol, faltering marriage, and early death in a 1930 flying accident in Ottawa made him a flawed hero; hence, his slide into oblivion. Yet the documentary also shows that his wartime record has few parallels. He was Canada's most decorated fighter pilot of the war, serving on both the western and Italian fronts. *The Hero's Hero* essentially describes a person who lived on the edge, drank too much, and died too young. But MacDonald has done a thorough job of piecing together the unique and distinctive details of this short and tragic life, and he fully justifies the case he makes for putting Barker's wartime exploits on par with those of Bishop. It is unlikely Bishop would complain – he himself considered Barker to be the greatest fighter pilot ever.

There are several similarities between the two documentaries and even the aces themselves. Bishop and Barker transferred to the Royal Flying Corps from the army, and both began their flying careers as observers in reconnaissance aircraft. They both had difficulty in adjusting to life after war, but their love of flying remained and even brought them together in a brief



Fields of Fire:
The Canadians in Normandy
by Terry Copp
University of Toronto Press,
Toronto, 2003
344 pp., $40.00 hardcover

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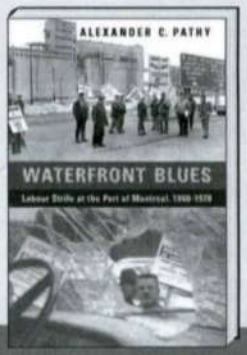

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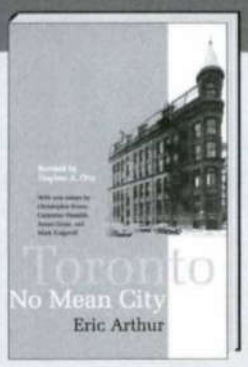

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and unsuccessful charter airline business. Both pilots can be seen together in photographs and early film footage, and some of these materials are used in each presentation. Bishop's son Arthur is featured in both documentaries, and John Gray and Eric Peterson, who starred in the popular musical *Billy Bishop Goes to War*, are interviewed throughout *The Hero's Hero*, although – oddly – their link to Bishop is never mentioned.

Reviewed by **Gavin Murphy**, an Ottawa lawyer with an interest in Canadian military history. His wife, Catherine Murphy, is Billy Bishop's granddaughter.

GOOD SHOW AFTER ALL

Terry Copp's *Fields of Fire*, an in-depth account of Canadian army action in Normandy during the summer of 1944, puts a fresh perspective on this Sec-

ond World War battle. The conventional view of most military historians has been that the Canadian contribution to the war effort in Normandy was essentially a battlefield failure. They often claim that the Germans were better equipped, trained, and led soldiers, and that it was only through brute force that the Canadians prevailed. Copp, a professor of history at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario, convincingly debunks these myths.

Fields of Fire had its genesis in a lecture Copp delivered for the Joanne Goodman Lectures at the University of Western Ontario in 1998. In this presentation, he challenged existing interpretations and approaches to the study of the Normandy campaign. Copp builds on these themes in *Fields of Fire* with his meticulous research and understanding of the battlefield terrain in Normandy. He suggests that the Canadians were by no means incompetent and poorly led – they were a courageous, effective, and efficient army of citizen soldiers who employed innovation and skill in seventy-six days of fighting to defeat the enemy. Copp calls the Allied victory in Normandy one of the greatest military achievements in modern history, and the price was as great as the success: over eighteen thousand Canadian casualties.

Copp provides the reader with extensive background information from both the Allied and German sides, together with evaluations of battle strategies and complete fighting details, all supported by comprehensive

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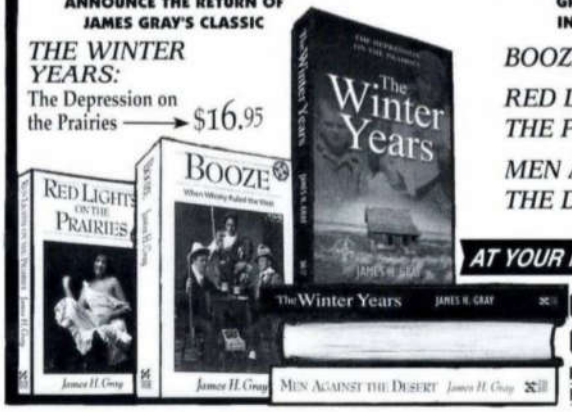

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references. In his review of military operations and tactics, he takes a balanced approach, but one that leads directly to the conclusion that the Canadian war effort warrants a revised assessment. Copp is passionate about Canada's achievements in Normandy, and he refuses to accept the claim that Canadian soldiers did not perform well. At the same time, he also hints at the poor judgment of German Panzer commander Kurt Meyer and British general Bernard Montgomery, as well as the latter's lack of confidence in senior Canadian army leadership. Copp even speculates that Monty's anti-Canadianism extended to refusing to send along a Dominion Day greeting to the troops from Supreme Allied commander Dwight Eisenhower.

The volume of data in *Fields of Fire* may be daunting for many readers. But this thoroughness of research amply demonstrates that the author has made a full study of the battle of Normandy before arriving at any conclusions. The opening and closing chapters are particularly strong, and Copp uses them to make his case most forcefully. Given the dense text and complexity of the subject matter, shorter and simpler paragraphs would have perhaps made the book more appealing to a wider readership. But this criticism is generally offset by short and succinct sentences within the paragraphs and by the author's overall clarity. At any rate, the intended audience for *Fields of Fire* is clearly the specialized one of military historians and academics.

Fields of Fire includes several excellent maps to help put the narrative into context, as well as a superb selection of photographs assembled from a variety of international collections. There are several appendices to the book, but a complete listing of the Canadian formations that took part in the Normandy campaign is unfortunately lacking. Detailed endnotes and an extensive bibliography, featuring a substantial amount of recently published material, round out the book.

Fields of Fire leaves little doubt that the Canadian action in Normandy was impressive and has, in fact, been seriously undervalued for nearly sixty years. Copp lays the blame for this injustice primarily on historians, including Col. C.P. Stacey, one of Canada's foremost military historians. With the release of this book, he throws down the gauntlet and calls for a renewed exploration of Canada's military heritage, challenging historians to re-examine established doctrines to determine if earlier assessments are accurate.

A revisionist's task is seldom an easy one, but Copp illustrates in *Fields of Fire* that there are sometimes sound reasons for reappraisal. He also confirms that, when undertaken with a high level of scholarly authority, an analysis of this kind can be both fascinating and compelling.

Reviewed by **Gavin Murphy**, an Ottawa lawyer with a keen interest in Canadian military history.

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A War of Patrols: Canadian Army Operations in Korea. By William Johnston.

Canada had no vital national interests at stake in the Korean peninsula, but when an American-led UN force was deployed in June 1950 to assist the South Korean regime against an attack from North Korea, it dutifully responded by contributing an eight-thousand-man brigade. After the rigours and sacrifice of the Second World War, the Canadian public was largely disinterested in the "police action" in the Far East, and, until last year's fiftieth anniversary of the cease-fire, popular and scholarly accounts had been few. Ottawa historian William Johnston corrects that imbalance with a thorough appraisal of the Canadian campaign, including a detailed study of the training, leadership, operations, and tactics of the brigade under each of its three wartime commanders. He contends that, contrary to earlier assessments, the Special Force initially sent to Korea were more thorough and professional in their operations than were the army's regular battalions that later replaced them. This scholarly book is also timely, given recent renewed tensions between North Korea and the U.S.

UBC Press, Vancouver, 2003. 426 pp., $45.00 hardcover.

Respectable Burial: Montreal's Mount Royal Cemetery. By Brian Young; photographs by Geoffrey James.

Mount Royal Cemetery, founded during the exuberance of the mid-Victorian period when Montreal's English-speaking population formed the majority, has been a mirror to the city's evolving social makeup, changing mores, and human tragedies. Once associated strictly with the Protestant community, the cemetery is now thoroughly cosmopolitan, and in its evolution from a rural burial ground to an urban cemetery, has turned into one of the city's most beautiful and cherished spaces. McGill University professor Brian Young's exhaustive – but never exhausting – social history coupled with Geoffrey James's photographs take this work beyond Montreal's confines and give readers elsewhere a chance to reflect on the peculiar evolution of the ceremonies and memorials attached to life's final passage.

McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2003. 226 pp., $49.95 hardcover.

Historical Atlas of the Arctic. By Derek Hayes.

Following on the heels of his masterful *Historical Atlas of Canada* (2002), British Columbia geographer Derek Hayes has produced this companion volume that focuses on that great swath of the country (and other countries) that has allured, mystified, and frustrated generations of explorers – the Arctic. Once it was an impediment to the riches of the Orient, then it was a destination in itself as adventurers tried to reach the North Pole. Using more than three hundred historical maps from all the polar nations – Canada, the U.S., Russia, Norway, and Greenland – Hayes traces the evolution of man's knowledge of the top of the world, from the fanciful depictions of the sixteenth century to the remarkably beautiful (and accurate) representations wrought by modern satellite technology. Accompanying text details the aspirations and motivations of the explorers and reveals the harsh realities they often faced in one of Earth's final frontiers. A delight for armchair travellers who would rather not venture into the cold.

Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2003. 208 pp., $75.00 hardcover

Canada and the Cold War. By Reg Whitaker and Steve Hewitt.

One is almost nostalgic for the Cold War, those years from the end of World War II to the fall of the Berlin Wall when the might of two superpowers seemed to cancel each other out and the world poised in bipolar balance. Perhaps this accounts in part for the retro look of the cover of this book, which aims to be a popular and accessible account of Canada's sidekick role in the imperial struggle. It all seems so long ago. But Whitaker, a University of Victoria political science professor, and Hewitt, who has previously examined Cold War activity in *Spying 101: The RCMP's Secret Activities at Canadian Universities*, note that the September 11, 2001 attacks in New York have revived the old paradigms: once again there is an immortal struggle against darkness, Fifth Columnists are everywhere, and suspending civil rights is on the table. This well-illustrated book, then, not only illuminates a long period when pointed ideological warfare informed almost every aspect of life in Canada, it gives pause to reflect on our current situation, as the best histories do. The Cold War's content may be cold, but the form endures.

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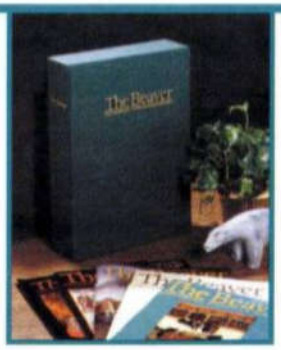

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FOREWORD BY JUDITH BEATTIE

To date, most research on the Hudson's Bay Company has focused on the data that was recorded and very little attention has been paid to the men who recorded it. In ***Eighteenth-Century Naturalists of Hudson Bay***, authors Stuart Houston, Tim Ball, and Mary Houston demonstrate that fur traders in isolated Hudson Bay trading posts were involved in some of the earliest stirrings of science on the North American continent and that these collector-observers worked together with Native peoples in a collaboration beneficial to both.

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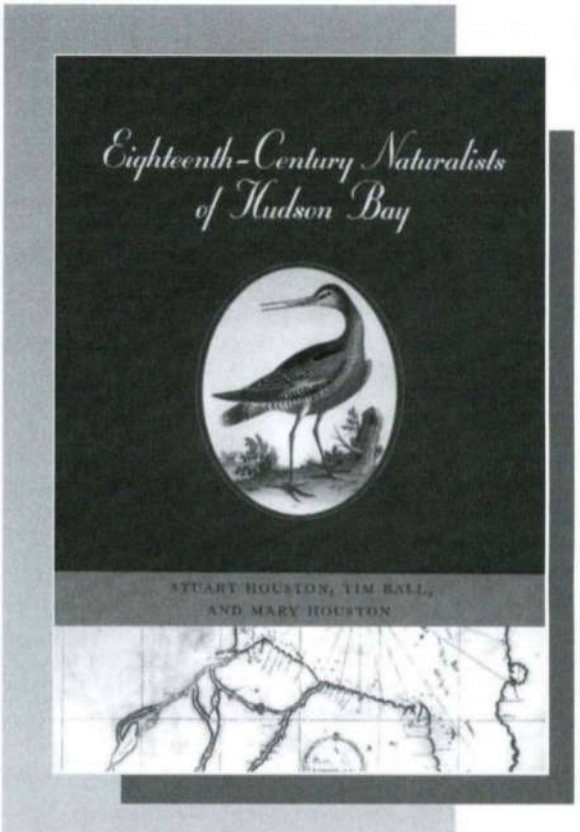

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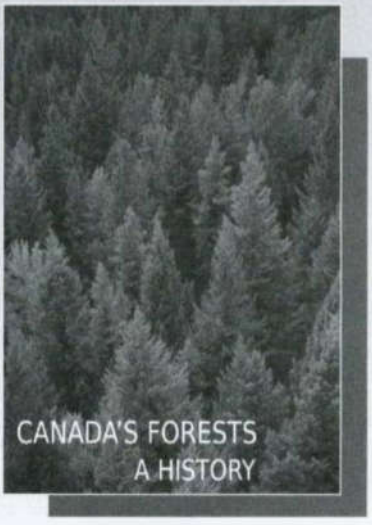

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James Lorimer & Company, Toronto, 2003. 256 pp., $29.95 paper

The Gothic Line: Canada's Month of Hell in World War II in Italy. By Mark Zuehlke

The war in Italy continues in this, the third (and final) volume of Victoria writer Mark Zuehlke's epic examination of the Canadian army's advance up Italy's boot. The focus of episode III is the Battle of the Gothic Line, the line being a network of fortifications in northern Italy fiercely defended by the German army. On August 25, 1944 it fell to I Canadian Corps to spearhead the 8th Army's offensive, intended to rip through the line. And rip they did. The battle lasted nearly a month, but when it was over the Canadians had won, and the Allies could push on mopping up Italy. Zuehlke has an evident passion for storytelling and brings the battle to life by focusing on the common soldiers' struggles and sacrifices without excluding the machinations of the leaders. The Battle of the Gothic Line produced the greatest toll in casualties in the Italian campaign, yet has remained one of the less noted episodes in Canada's military history writings. Until now.

Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2003. 550 pp., $45.00 hardcover

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A celebration of the independent spirit, these character studies of eight women adventurers, separately and together, embody the essence of the Klondike. Unabashed Yukonophile Duncan profiles Kate Carmack, the Tlingit wife of prospector George Carmack, with whom she discovered the first gold in the area; entrepreneur and hotelier Belinda Mulrooney, the Irish immigrant who'd arrived with 25 cents in her pocket; the quintessential dance hall girl Klondike Kate Rockwell; and socialite and mining mogul Martha Black, among others. In a place where Victorian rectitude was engulfed by the wilderness, individuality was allowed to flourish, and the women of the Klondike became true pioneers – not only of the land, but of women's evolving status.

Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2003. 298 pp. illus., $37.95 hardcover

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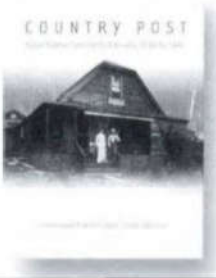

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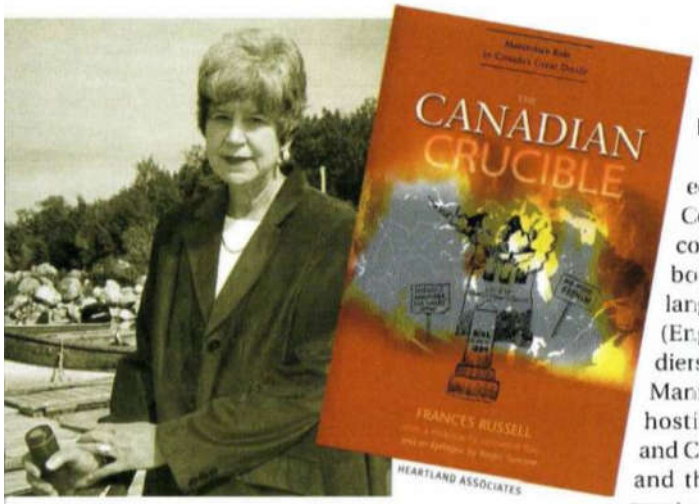
Manitoba's Days of Rage



"It was soul-destroying, just watching. A lot of us became quite frightened there would be violence. I still think things hung by a thread the night the crowd in the legislature was pounding on the doors of the premier's office. We had had nothing like that and we were ill-prepared. The hatred!"

Frances Russell is a veteran political journalist, but she's not talking about Belgrade or Tbilisi. This is Winnipeg.

Russell calls Manitoba (and her new book) "The Canadian Crucible," the place where fundamental choices about the nature of Canada have been fought out time and again. It has not been pretty, but Russell thinks it has been essential to what Canada is and is not. Now she has written a big serious history about two Canadian crises a hundred years apart, one in the late nineteenth century, one in the late twentieth. They both address the French-English fault line that runs through the centre of Canadian history. They both happened not in Ottawa or Moncton or Quebec City, but in Manitoba.

Russell's first crisis started in 1870. Manitoba entered Confederation in 1870 with constitutional guarantees for both the English and French languages. But the Ontario and (English-)Quebec militia soldiers who drove Louis Riel out of Manitoba that year were deeply hostile to the French language and Catholicism, as well as to Riel and the Métis, and so were the great waves of English-speaking eastern Canadians who followed them. In 1890, the by-then mostly English-speaking legislators of Manitoba repudiated the province's constitutional obligations to francophone rights. The West was pursuing a vision of a one-language, one-culture Canada.

Russell moves from those events to the struggle of the Franco-Manitoban minority to regain its rights in the 1970s and 1980s. But first she lingers on one of the great might-have-beens of Canadian history. In the decades when settlers from Ontario (and later from Europe) were flooding into Manitoba, hundreds of thousands of Quebeckers were also on the move – but to New England, not the Canadian West. Francophones became a small minority in Manitoba and the West.

Russell finds that decisive for Canada – and tragic. "Imagine a very different Canada," she says. "Imagine a Canada with strong French-language communities right across the West. How much more united would we be? Would we have separatism, would we be so threatened by the United States, would we have Western alienation from the official version of Canada? I think we would have a country where all Canadians were much more agreed on the definition of what the country was, and we would all have a much stronger sense of being Canadian. Here in Manitoba is where that possibility failed."

Russell is convinced the decision of many thousands of francophone Quebeckers not to migrate west in the late nineteenth century crucially changed the history of Canada. They chose not to go, she argues, because of the deep, visceral hostility they knew they would encounter, which she sees reinforced by provincial and federal actions. "Given what happened here in 1885 and in 1890, any ordinary Québécois would think ten times before moving to the West ... . If Canada had spent recruiting in French Quebec a fraction of what it spent encouraging eastern Europeans to move to the prairies, well, who knows what could have resulted?"

Frances Russell comes from generations of anglophone Manitobans on both sides of her family; she does not even speak French well. But these issues came to matter deeply to her as she covered the consequences that erupted in Manitoba in the 1970s and 1980s.

In 1976, Georges Forest, a francophone Métis Second World War veteran who ran a St. Boniface insurance agency, challenged an English-only parking ticket. That small spark initiated a series of court cases in which the Franco-Manitoban community brought the province of Manitoba up against its defiance of its own founding laws.

The laws that established Manitoba plainly required the province to provide services in French. Just as plainly, since 1890 Manitoba never had. In law, the case was straightforward.

In politics it was not. By 1983, Manitoba had ignored a series of court rulings that reaffirmed its constitutional obligations. With separatism, bilingualism, constitutional reform, and Western alienation all seething in the Canadian body politic, the Supreme Court of Canada was moving toward

declaring the whole body of law passed in Manitoba since 1890 invalid, in effect leaving the province without a government. To avoid that calamity, the provincial government began to move gingerly toward compliance.

That's when Russell, by then a columnist for the *Winnipeg Free Press*, found herself covering the political firestorm that shocked her. Mass demonstrations in the legislature, death threats, and fire-bombings of francophone institutions expressed a deep hostility to minority rights in Manitoba. Finally, with the leader of the opposition preaching defiance of the courts and minority rights being subjected to spontaneous plebiscites, the legislative process broke down completely.

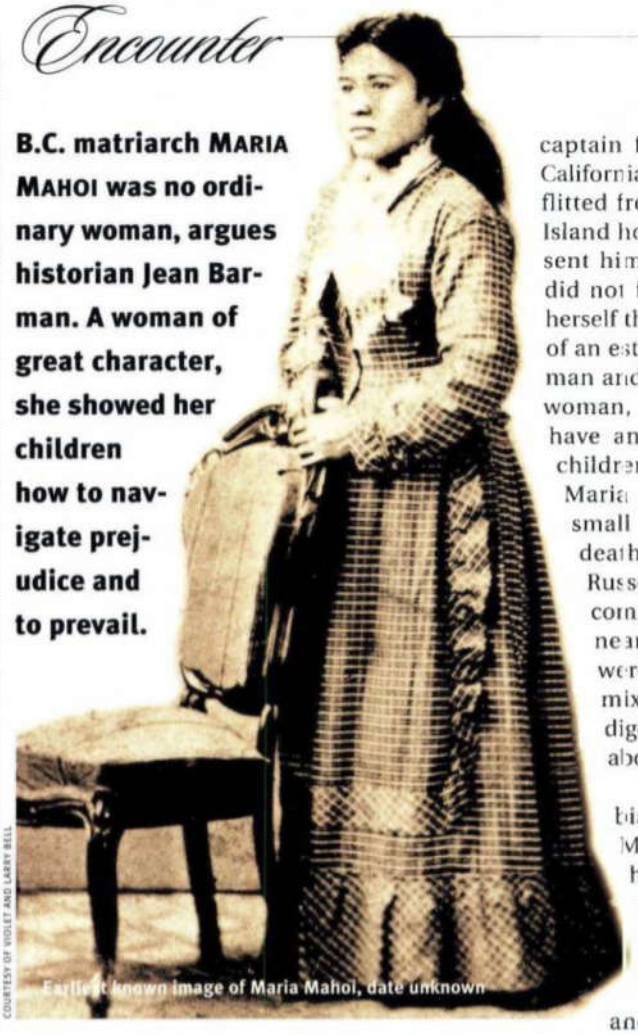
"I have never been able to fathom the visceral opposition to having more than one language," says Russell. "In 1983–84 I was very much affected by the irrational fear, right on the edge of violence. I was really alarmed by that, and it has stayed with me."

Eventually courts forced compliance on Manitoba, but Russell fears the political consequences of Manitoba's days of rage have lingered. "Manitoba has really been a backwater in constitutional affairs since the events of 1983–84. Even nonsupporters of French language rights were appalled by the hostility and the bigotry that prevailed. It was really the end of Manitoba as a serious constitutional player."

She also suspects the story of minority rights and the rule of law in Manitoba got much less national attention than it deserved – simply because it happened in Manitoba. Her book is painful reading. Its strong opinions, harsh verdicts, and long quotations from participants on all sides invite renewed debate. Above all, it is an attempt by a passionately committed local writer and an enterprising local publisher to give these events the attention they require, and perhaps to reinvigorate Manitoban and Canadian political culture in the process.

The Canadian Crucible: Manitoba's Role in Canada's Great Divide **by Frances Russell was published in 2003 by Heartland Associates of Winnipeg.**

B.C. matriarch MARIA MAHOI was no ordinary woman, argues historian Jean Barman. A woman of great character, she showed her children how to navigate prejudice and to prevail.



COURTESY OF VIOLET AND LARRY BELL

Earliest known image of Maria Mahoi, date unknown

I munch on an apple from Maria Mahoi's orchard, planted almost a century ago. Her Russell Island home is part of the new Gulf Islands National Park. The island's caretakers have generously shared a bag of apples with me.

Taking a bite, I think back to how I first encountered Maria (pronounced Mar-RYE-ah by those who knew her) a good decade ago. A distinguished British Columbian led me to her. Would I, he said, try to find out more? Many years earlier, a visiting uncle had taken him aside and confided there might be "Indian blood" in the family. His uncle thought he should know, "just in case."

The meandering trail I followed off and on over the next several years led me to his great-grandmother, who was Maria Mahoi. Born in the mid-1850s on Vancouver Island to an indigenous Hawaiian come to work in the fur trade and an anonymous aboriginal woman, she emerges out of obscurity in 1871 as the mother of the first of seven children she would have by a Scots sea captain from Maine via the California gold rush. When he flitted from their Salt Spring Island home (or perhaps she sent him on his way) Maria did not flounder. She found herself the well-educated son of an establishment Englishman and a Cowichan Indian woman, and proceeded to have another half a dozen children. Along the way, Maria acquired her own small island. Until her death in 1936, she made Russell Island a centre of community for numerous nearby families who were, like her own, of mixed newcomer, indigenous Hawaiian, and aboriginal descent.

The British Columbian who led me to Maria Mahoi shares her genes and her enormous strength of character. She is reflected in his physical appearance, just as she is in the apple I am eating. Yet he never met her, even though they were both alive for a few of the same years. It was Maria's very toughness and resilience that ensured he would not do so. As a grandson who spent much of his childhood in Maria's presence explained to me, she did not dwell on the past but "was always thinking ahead of time, preparing for the next day, the next time."

Maria Mahoi sought to protect her children so far as she was able from the racial prejudices endemic in Canadian society. To live as a half-breed was to be denigrated, to be denied any possibility of getting ahead. She herself drew far more on her Hawaiian inheritance than she ever did on her aboriginality. Her sons by her first partner prided themselves on being Scots, as indeed they were. Much as occurred with the young Maria, her daughters had another option. Until the First World War, British Columbia contained two to three adult newcomer men for every

woman. Daughters could, if they so chose, seek out a newcomer of modest means and then take their husband's identity, as women were in any case expected to do.

Maria's children each made their own choices. Her daughter whose grandson led me to her grabbed the opportunity to reimagine herself. With five children in tow by a newcomer who "wandered off," much as befell her mother, she moved to Vancouver. She got herself a job and shed her past.

I ponder the inequities of a past that encouraged persons to forsake their heritage. Only in the present generation have curious descendants with stories to tell similar to Maria Mahoi's great-grandson felt comfortable in searching out their ancestry.

Just as Maria looked to the future, so did her daughter. She was determined to give her children every opportunity to become the best they could be, which meant hiding from them the stigma that aboriginal, or for that matter indigenous Hawaiian, descent gave. Until and unless their genes betrayed them, they gained a freedom the dominant society would otherwise have denied them.

As I finish my apple, I ponder the inequities of a past that encouraged persons to forsake their heritage. Only in the present generation have curious descendants with stories to tell similar to Maria Mahoi's great-grandson felt comfortable in searching out their ancestry. By doing so, they restore to all of us an important dimension of Canada's history. The question we each have to ask ourselves is what we would do in circumstances similar to Maria's daughter.

Jean Barman is the author of *Maria Mahoi: The Worth of an Everyday Woman*, to be published by New Star in spring 2004.

THE LITTLE TRUNK

"Mr. John Coombs of East Stour told me in 1870 of a young person being in consumption who was the grandchild of two aged members of his class. I went and found a tall nice-looking

young person in concern about her soul." The writer, Mr. Henry Beeson, a Wesleyan minister from Northumberland, England, was replying to a letter written to him by my grandfather, Augustus John Bridle, inquiring about his mother, Sarah Ann.

"She was very anxious about her little boy and as were her grandparents. The winter being severe they feared they would not survive it." Sarah, an orphaned teenager, died on October 6, 1870, leaving behind her two-year-old son, Augustus, born out of wedlock. On April 1, 1872, a little over one and one half years after his mother died, the child's care and custody were signed over to Stephenson's National Children's Home and Orphanage by his great-grandfather George Bridle.

There is very little information about Augustus's life in the orphanage, save a few mentions of it in letters and an unfinished three-page memoir: "I went to school in England for about six years until I was ten. They shoved you through there, eight to ten hours a day. I lived at the school." It is difficult to imagine that school life in an industrial England orphanage would be the stuff that pleasant memories are made of. Yet at age fourteen, four years after he had left the orphanage, he wrote to Dr. Stephenson, ostensibly to describe his new life, but devoted half the letter asking questions about the orphanage.

Augustus John Bridle shipped out from Liverpool, England, aboard the SS *Borussia*, on July 13, 1878, one of thousands of Home Children sent to the colonies. All his worldly belongings were enclosed in a small metal-clad cedar trunk, which now adorns our cottage living room. Inside, on the lid, is painted a bucolic scene of a brook running through a pasture. Did this painting offer a ten-year-old orphan refuge from a cruel world? Did it inspire the love of the arts that consumed his later life?

After a year and a half living with a shoemaker in Merlin, Ontario, he moved to the farm of Mr. Richard Smith "comprising 100 acres with a large house and barn on it and considerable stock." As I piece my grandfather's childhood together from the scant information available, I tend to be detached – until my ten-year-old stepson enters the room. Then the enormity of it hits me like a brick wall. I just cannot imagine James alone in the world with nothing but a succession of strangers and strange places in his life. My grandfather laboured in Mr. Smith's employ until age seventeen, yet in his memoir, he devotes only one sentence to this period of his life. There is no mention of life on the farm, of the Smith family – absolutely nothing notable in the most memorable period of most people's lives. Perhaps he had very little pleasant to say, and being the man he was, chose to say nothing.

From his 1878 arrival, Augustus had not attended school. In 1886, that was all about to change when he met his guardian angel, a nearby schoolteacher. Whoever she was, "her influence and sympathy" set him on a course that would dominate the rest of his life. My father is convinced that he was in love with her and remained that way until his dying day.

He entered school in the fall, at age eighteen. His writings bubbled with enthusiasm. "That first morning as I walked along the street to school with my tin pail, I felt all the exultation and sense of adventure I had felt when I left the farm." He would go on to high school in Chatham and find his niche in academia. He described himself as an intellectual sponge and would win the gold medal for general proficiency. Sometime between 1890 and 1900, after a brief teaching career, Augustus Bridle became Augustus Bridle BA, after graduating from the University of Toronto with a gold medal in classics.

In 1900, he moved to Edmonton,

COURTESY GEORGE BRIDLE

Augustus Bridle and his wife Martha (née Scroggie), whom he married in 1913.

Augustus Bridle invited seventy men for dinner and a discussion of his vision of a place where writers, painters, architects, musicians, and sculptors could meet to debate, entertain, inspire, cajole and, most of all, encourage one another. The Arts and Letters Club was born.

Alberta, and began his lifelong writing career when he took a job with the upstart *Edmonton Bulletin*. After stints with the *Stratford Herald*, the *Toronto News*, and the *Canadian Courier*, in 1922 he joined the *Toronto Star*, where for the next thirty years he was arts, music, and drama critic.

If writing was his profession, music, the arts, and Canada became his passions. With no formal musical training, he was a self-taught pianist as well as a choir leader and concert organizer. His passion for his adopted country was obvious from the titles of his first two books, *Sons of Canada* and *Masques of Ottawa*. But in his novel *Hansen*, it practically jumps from each page. Hansen is the story of a young Norwegian immigrant to Canada with great similarities to his own life. (My grandfather had very Scandinavian features so perhaps had an inkling who his father may have been.) Throughout the novel Hansen gives many inspiring orations about his dreams for his adopted country:

> *This continent is one – with two nations; one as yet only a baby. That baby nation has to grow up. But so long as each race in the country thinks its own ideas and customs and language greater than those of its great country of adoption, so long as most of Canada thinks itself only a vast juvenile imitation of the United States, we shall never be anything but a national kindergarten, unworthy of those two great national leaders, John A. Macdonald and Wilfrid Laurier; still more unworthy to remember the great French, English and Scotch men who first tracked our mighty rivers and built railways through the mountains.*

On March 23, 1908, at the St. Charles restaurant in Toronto, Augustus Bridle invited seventy men for dinner and a discussion of his vision of a place where writers, painters, architects, musicians, and sculptors could meet to debate, entertain, inspire, cajole and, most of all, encourage one another. The Arts and Letters Club was born. When the Group of Seven were pariahs of the Canadian art scene, they found a champion in Augustus Bridle and the Arts and Letters Club. Rhyming off an honour roll of famous members would be antithetical to my grandfather's disdain of intellectual snobbery, but it would be impressive.

At the age of eighty-three, on November 19, 1952, Augustus Bridle, fellow number one of the Arts and Letters Club, was struck by a truck. Over a month later he died of his injuries. As Reverend Brooks eulogized, "He was devoted to true values, and the elements of gentle spirit, wide knowledge, sound judgment, and a fearless pen so mixed in him as to produce one of the greatest men of our time." Not a bad tribute to a ten-year-old orphan who arrived in the country with only his little trunk and a lot of guts.

George Bridle, a graduate of economics from Queen's University, is currently posted in New York where he works for Bombardier Transportation.

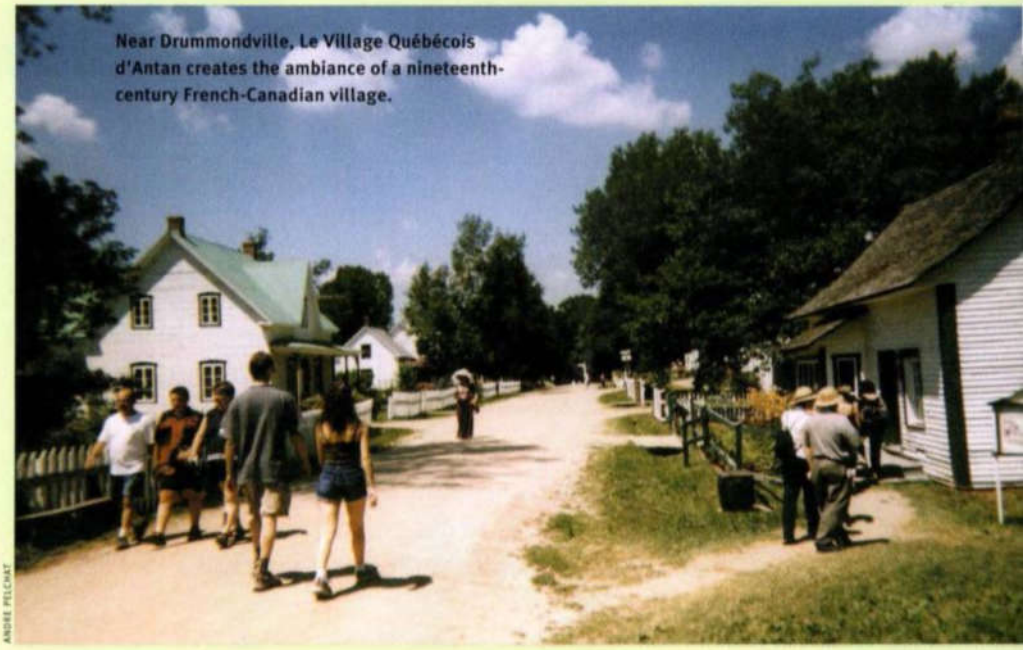
Have you had a personal experience with the great characters or momentous events of Canadian history? If you would like to submit a story for possible publication, send it to <editors@historysociety.ca> with YourStory in the subject line or write to YourStory, c/o *The Beaver*, 478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. For further information please see our editorial guidelines at <www.thebeaver.ca>.

VICTORIAN QUEBEC

ANDRÉ PELCHAT finds the nineteenth-century *bel idéal* – and more – in Quebec's agricultural heartland.

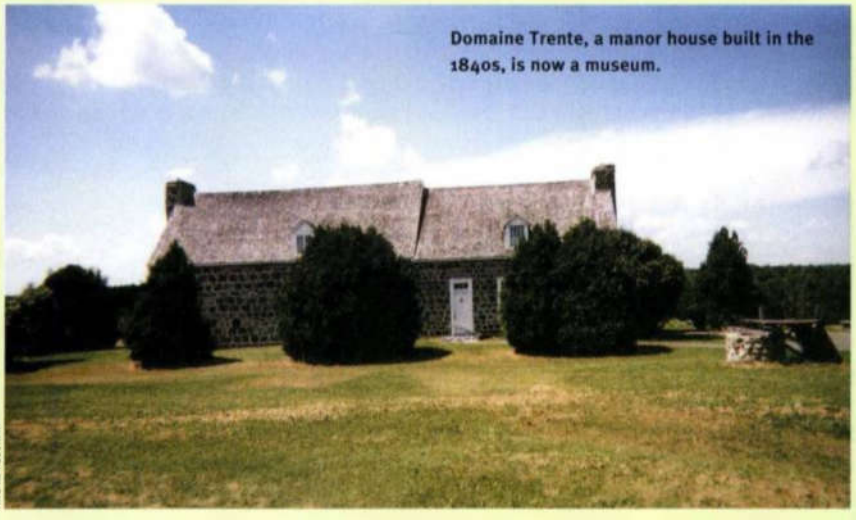
The region called the le Centre-du-Québec, halfway between Montreal and Quebec City on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, has some of the oldest parishes in Canada, dating back to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century New France. But the place-names of its largest centres reflect another heritage: Drummondville, an hour's drive east of Montreal, was founded as a military camp in 1815 by Major Frederick G. Heriot at the request of colonial administrator Sir Gordon Drummond, who feared an American invasion. Forty-four kilometres east, Victoriaville, known to locals as "Victo," received its name in 1861 to honour Queen Victoria, though it was originally part of nearby Arthabaska. Much of the anglophone presence, which had arrived with the Loyalists after the American Revolutionary War, however, seeped away over the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries, leaving a strong French Canadian legacy that is celebrated in the region's major visitor attractions.

A weekend history getaway in le Centre-du-Québec would begin with Le Village Québécois d'Antan, a recreated nineteenth-century village on the outskirts of Drummondville, the area's largest centre. Started in 1977 by a nonprofit organization, the village contains seventy authentic buildings from the nineteenth and early twentieth century – some built on site, some transported from other communities – that represent the architectural styles of the period. They include a church, school, general store, printers, sawmill, and farm buildings. Against this backdrop, reenactors demonstrate the arts, crafts, and traditional activities that would have been typical in a French-Canadian village of the time, bringing to life a rural community of a century – or more – ago. Frequently used as a setting for movies and TV shows, including CBC's *Canada: A People's History*, the site borders the Saint-François River for two kilometres. A complete tour involves a four-kilometre walk on a dirt path, but horse-drawn carriages are available. Summer evenings, Tuesday through Saturday, on the banks of the river, the Village presents Légendes Fantastiques, a multimedia spectacle of song, dance, stunts, and pyrotechnics illustrating various Quebec folktales. (Should you venture there in January, you can, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, experience the village illuminated with thousands of lights, which creates a magical winter ambience.)



Near Drummondville, Le Village Québécois d'Antan creates the ambiance of a nineteenth-century French-Canadian village.

ANDRÉ PELCHAT



Domaine Trente, a manor house built in the 1840s, is now a museum.

ANDRÉ PELCHAT

On the other side of Highway 20 from the village lies the Domaine Trent, a stone manor house built between 1838 and 1848 by Royal Navy officer George Norris Trent, who emigrated from England to Lower Canada to become a gentleman farmer. Restored in the 1970s to its mid-nineteenth-century state, the Domaine Trent is now a museum with a permanent

exhibition of paintings that illustrate the legends and folktales of France and New France.

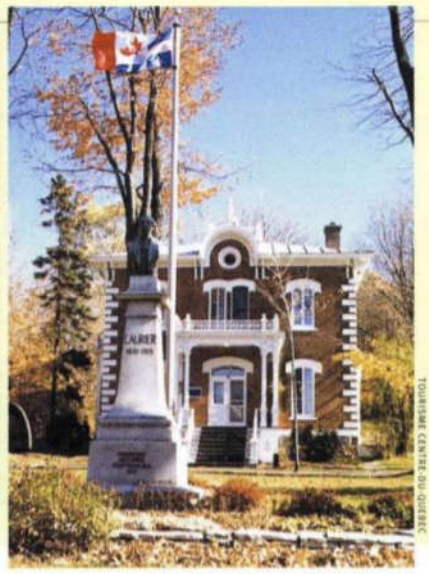
From Drummondville, a forty-five-minute drive east will take you to Victoriaville, a town of about 40,000 located at the foot of Mount Arthabaska. Advertised as Le pays de Laurier, Victoriaville boasts Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's seventh prime minister, as its most famous citizen. At 16 rue Laurier Ouest is Laurier's house, built in 1877 in the rich Italianate style popular in the late Victorian period. Now a National Historic Site, the house was occupied for twenty years by Laurier and his wife Zoé before they established themselves permanently in Ottawa. Afterwards it became their summer home. Converted into a museum in 1929, the home maintains a permanent exhibit dedicated to the Lauriers on the first floor while temporary exhibits related to Canada's political history occupy the second floor.

The Laurier home is not the only attraction on Laurier Ouest, however. The street is lined with outstanding Victorian- and Edwardian-era houses that belonged to various notables – politicians and artists – most of them linked with the Lauriers'. A walking tour would pass, among others, Le Vert Logis, the home of Émilie Barthes-Lavergne, Laurier's great friend, and her son, nationalist leader (and Laurier opponent) Armand Lavergne; Sous les pins, the home of lawyer and poet Adolphe Poisson; as well as the home of journalist Ernest Pacaud, founder of *Le Soleil de Québec*. Markers identify either the original or the most famous residents of the houses. Nearby, on the Boulevard Bois-Francs Sud, is the Maison Suzor-Coté, home of the eponymous painter and sculptor, and the imposing Pavillon Hôtel des Posts, the former post office, built in 1911, now an art gallery.

All is not Victorian in le Centre du Québec. Drummondville, for instance, includes the Musée du textile, which contains a collection of twentieth-century artifacts (including a reconstituted beauty salon), and the Musée de l'auto, which features William Lyon Mackenzie King's 1946 Cadillac, but for a glimpse of nineteenth-century small-town Quebec, there are fewer better destinations. It's worth a detour.

André Pelchat is a freelance writer living in L'Avenir, Quebec.

TOURISME CENTRE-DU-QUÉBEC


TOURISME CENTRE-DU-QUÉBEC

IF YOU GO ...

Drummondville is 70 kilometres from Montreal on Highway 20. The Domaine Trent is at exit 181 north. The Village Québécois d'Antan is at exit 181 south. Victoriaville is 45 kilometres further east on Highway 20. At exit 210, take Highway 161 south. Follow Boulevard Jutras to Boulevard des Bois-Francs Sud to Laurier Ouest. Number 16 is the Laurier Museum.

DAWN HUCK

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PHOTO FEATURES

Deanna Millard receiving her award from Their Excellencies, the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson and John Ralston Saul.

AWARD WINNERS Q&A

Society Hosts Reception for Recipients of Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History

On November 14, 2003 in Ottawa, the History Society, along with its partners the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation, Bell Canada, and the National Archives of Canada, hosted the recipients of this year's Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History. Deborah Morrison, president and CEO of the History Society, talked with some of the recipients about their experience.

PHOTO FEATURES

Paule Desgrosseilliers (left), one of the judges of the 2003 Governor General's Awards, and Barbara Brockmann, a 2002 award recipient (right), with Deborah Morrison.

How did your students react to your award?

Pam Irving (Millarville, AB): When a visitor came to my classroom while I was away at the awards ceremony, they asked where I was and one of the students replied "Oh, she's famous."

Sue Earles and Sue Anderson (Delta, BC): Our students are in awe of the award. They were delighted to hear all the details of our trip to Ottawa. The parents and community take pride in our achievement. Score 1 for local history.

Gary Simons (Brockville, ON): Some of my grade eleven students made up a little skit. It was a parody of *Lord of the Rings*. I was receiving the award when a Gollum-like character tried to steal it. To win the award back I had to outwit the creature in a history trivia contest. The student portraying Gollum was perfect. The entire class loved it.

Deanna Millard (Kanata, ON): I was fortunate to have the students who nominated me for the award at Rideau Hall for the ceremony. The students were thrilled to accompany me. The parents told me during our recent interviews how proud the kids were to have me in their school and as their teacher! It has truly been a humbling experience!

Raymond Duchesne (Loretteville, QC): The students were very curious about the award and media attention. I have a feeling they were very proud that their teacher was being recognized by others beyond the Quebec borders.

What were some of the highlights of your weekend in Ottawa?

Anderson and Earles: It has to be the award ceremony, how can you beat that? Was that really us, or did we dream it? The gala dinner venues were a marvelous idea – we particularly enjoyed getting reacquainted with an archivist we met at the History Conference in Winnipeg when she called out to us, "It's the two Sues!"

Peter Bjornson (Gimli, MB): In addition to the award ceremony, the opportunity to have a very open discussion with Her Excellency Adrienne Clarkson and His Excellency John Ralston Saul about the issues in education today was a very empowering and energizing event. Their passion for Canadian history is a message all history teachers need to hear as some jurisdictions in Canada have chosen to put less emphasis on Canadian history. I appreciated that our governor general affirmed the importance of what history teachers are doing in their classrooms.

Simons: When you are a teacher, it's a very strange feeling to have so many people making such a fuss about you. It's so totally different than how we get treated in schools. We were all extremely nervous waiting for the ceremony to start. We were so concerned that we'd make a major mistake in protocol. The ceremony itself rushed by. Too much was happening too fast for us to enjoy it. Once we got to the reception we had time to breathe and to feel less rushed and distracted.

Irving: One of the best parts of the weekend was meeting the other recipients and getting to know them on a personal as well as professional level. I particularly enjoyed the richness of the conversation at the various receptions, gala dinners, and brunches.

Millard: I loved the tour of the National Archives Gatineau Preservation Centre. What a jewel we have here in Ottawa! This spring, I plan to take my grade eight students to the art vault!

Simons: As teachers we deal with copies of documents and pictures every day. It's a great thrill to have a picture you've seen reproduced a thousand times and suddenly here is the original hanging on the wall in front of you. Visiting the Preservation Centre was like going into a gigantic history candy store.

PHOTO FEATURES

This year's Governor General's Award ceremonies also drew the attention of TV Ontario's Professor Patterson (left) who toured Rideau Hall with Deanna Millard's students. TVO Kids will be airing video segments of their visit to Rideau Hall regularly as part of its *Time Trackers* series throughout the year ahead.

Recipients of the Governor General's Awards with their school principals, James Arnett, board chair (left), and Deborah Morrison at the National Aviation Museum.

So what's next for you? Has this experience led to any new projects yet or inspired you to pursue a new goal?

Millard: The phone seems to be ringing off the hook with offers from interested history buffs who would like to work with me and my students. I have forged a friendship with Barbara Brockmann, another Ottawa Governor General's Award winner. I hope to team up with her to develop curriculum for the intermediate level. My overall goal is to continue developing my own course delivery and support other teachers who wish to implement my methods in their classrooms.

Irving: At this moment while I am recovering from the overall experience, I continue to be invited to speak to various groups regarding my Governor General's Award and this spurs further media attention.

Anderson and Earles: We're going to publish more local history units and are planning to design smaller teaching units that can be taught in three-to-six-week time slots.

Bjornson: As the new minister of education, citizenship and youth for the province of Manitoba, Premier Gary Doer has given me the challenge to promote civic responsibility in our youth. The new citizenship component of the portfolio will emphasize student participation in their community, civic engagement, and an appreciation for their history/heritage. This is a very exciting initiative and I am looking forward to working with Manitoba teachers and students to achieve this end.

Simons: Mostly it's back to teaching as usual. The honeymoon has even faded with some of my students! Besides my classroom work, I'm continuing work on a series of projects: parts two and three of our "Men of Courage: Canadians in World War Two" computer simulation, and a website for Brockville local history.

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

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- The Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- Niagara Historical Society & Museum, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON
- Bata Shoe Museum, Toronto
- Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

My principal tells me that there's a waiting list of faculties of education that want to place student teachers with me. I suggested that the school might raise some funds by asking for bids for my services. Who knows?

What advice do you have for parents and grandparents who want to get their kids more interested in Canadian history?

Anderson and Earles: Get interested in your own family history, then find out more details about your area. Photograph old houses, barns, stores in your area. Or take a local history book to a retirement home in your area. Listen and take notes, you'll be surprised how much you'll learn.

Millard: There is nothing better than learning about one's own roots. Even the ugly parts need to be conveyed (the parts kids love the best).

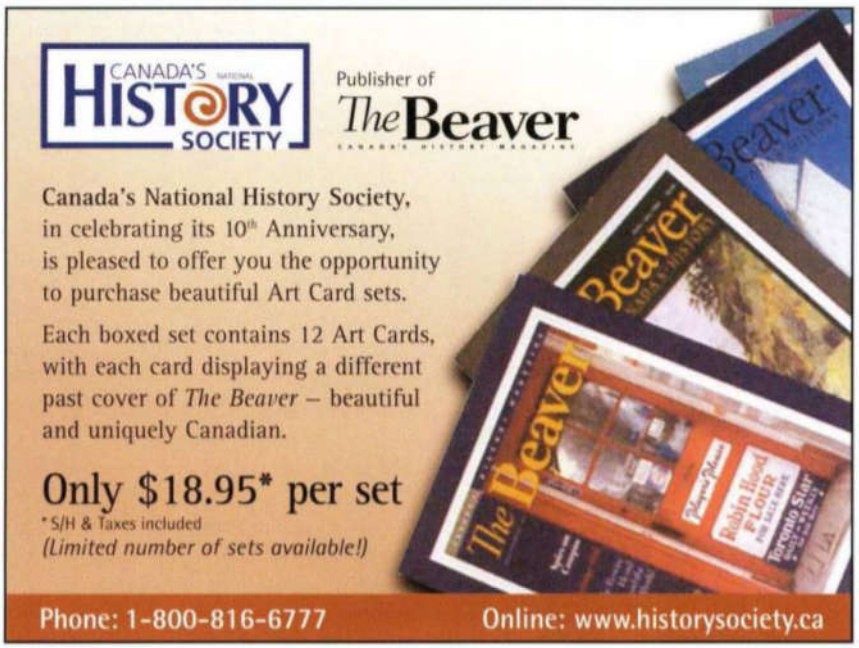
Travel parts of Canada with your family so they can see what an amazing place we live in ... and journey back in time at historical locations like Lundy's Lane, Fortress Louisbourg, and Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump. Some historic sites actually let kids live and work in "the past." Most of the city kids have never planted potatoes, milked a cow, or churned butter. At Upper Canada Village, as an example, they get to try such chores and they think it is so cool!

Read to your children – books like *The Story of Canada* [available through the History Society's Book Club]. Put picture books on Canadian history on your coffee table so they can see the changes in their community and country. Most children are visual learners who love to see the changes for themselves. A picture is truly worth a thousand words!

Simons: Talk to them about the things that make Canada unique. In my grade ten course, we explore Canadian accomplishments, and I point out that Canadians have adopted different approaches to problems than Americans – less confrontation, more cooperation – but this in itself is a tremendous achievement.

Duchesne: Show your kids how history is everywhere, not something detached and reserved for school exams. Give them a present day context to the past by talking to them about specific things that have changed – for better or for worse – since you were their age.

Bjornson: Start with your own stories. In this wonderful human experiment we call Canada, there are over 30 million stories to be told. The success of my program was largely attributed to engaging students in their own stories, in local stories, and relating them to the broader provincial, national, and international themes. Local history is a powerful tool to encourage students to embrace history.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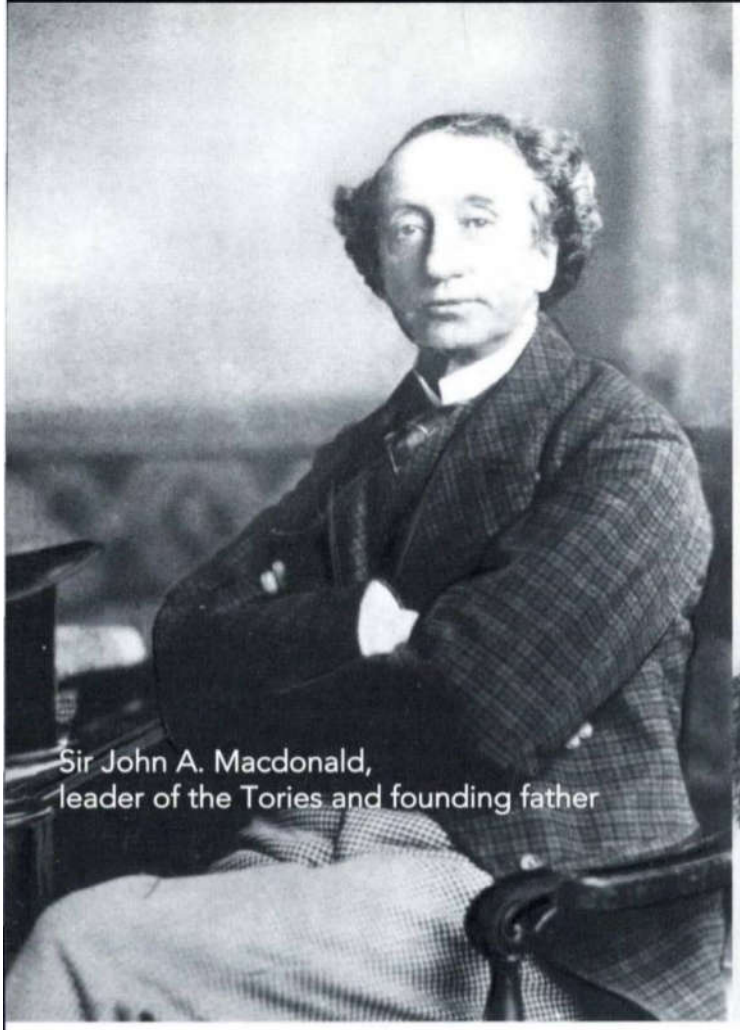
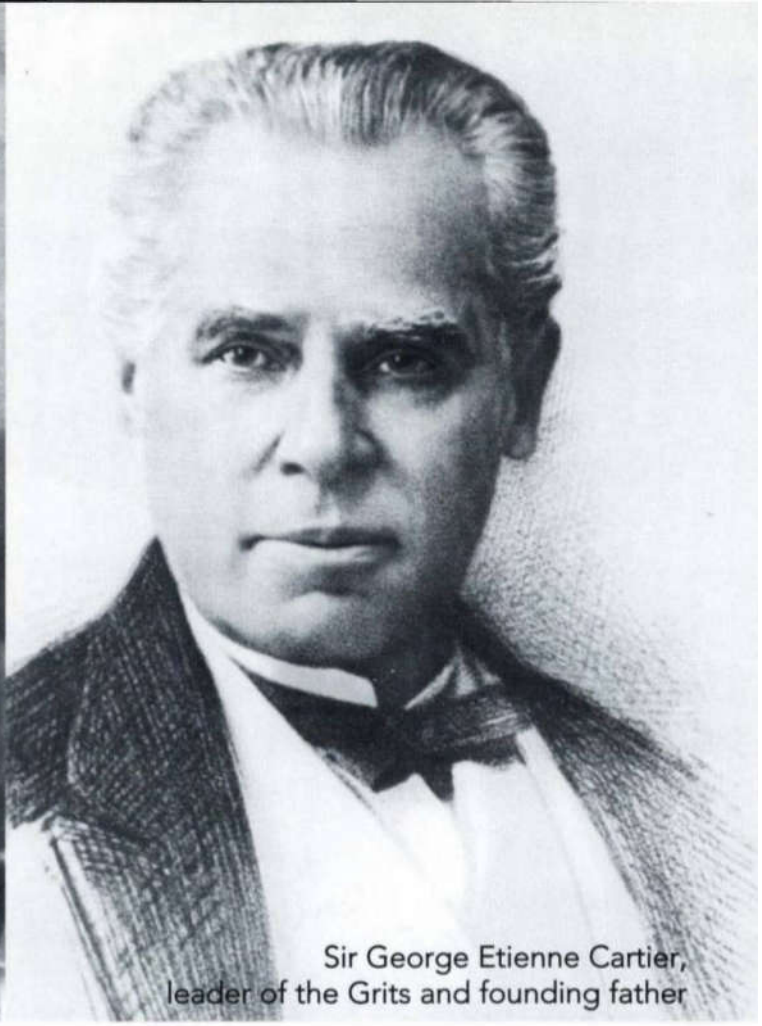


Sir John A. Macdonald,
leader of the Tories and founding father



Sir George Etienne Cartier,
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Connecting Content, Classrooms and Community

Wayne Morgan, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, lives in Grimsby, Ontario. He is a Palmer Cox aficionado. The Brownie house passed from family hands, but still stands today in Granby.

Brownieland Every famous wealthy man has to have a castle, at least metaphorically speaking. A century ago, Palmer Cox, author, illustrator, playwright, poet, cartoonist, advertising artist, and innovative businessman, designed and built his own – rather more literally a castle, complete with turret, in his hometown of Granby, Quebec. When this picture was taken in 1920, his career was beginning to wind down. A former carpenter, he had become world famous by creating the Brownies, elfin characters derived from Scottish lore, which found their way into children's books, as well as toys, games, porcelain and other licensed products, the precursor of today's integrated branding and marketing of Harry Potter, The Cat in the Hat, and the like. (Kodak even named a camera after them.) Though his artful characters were aimed at children, Cox had no children of his own. He died in 1924 and left, instead (besides his fortune), a castle. The turret flew a Brownie flag, a stained glass window featured a Brownie figure, the coach house had a Brownie weathervane. As Cox's autograph cards stated, it was Brownieland.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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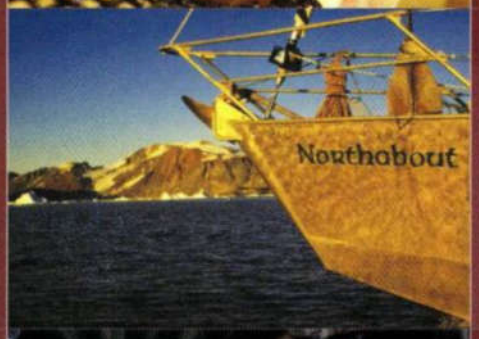
February | March Highlights

Anatomy of Burlesque (Broadcast Premiere) | Saturday, Feb. 14 at 9 p.m. ET

This documentary is a fun and furious romp through the history of burlesque, as told by those who practice, enjoy and abhor the form. Through the voices and writings of strippers, old-time burlesque performers, and patrons, ***Anatomy of Burlesque*** explores the survival and re-invention of burlesque.

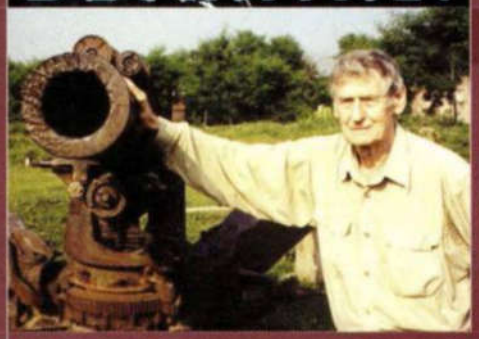


Explorers Week | February 2 to 5 at 8p.m. ET

History Television takes viewers to the remote corners of the Earth with four documentaries that profile some of the world's most extraordinary journeys. This includes a spectacular voyage through the Arctic, as an Irish expedition shadows one of the most tragic stories in polar history.

Betrayal! (Broadcast Premiere) | Wednesday, Feb. 11 at 8 p.m. ET

This four-part documentary series examines world-renowned acts of treachery. Those profiled include: Karl and Hana Koecher who allegedly used sex to penetrate the CIA, making them the most successful KGB operatives ever; and Dr. Gerald Bull, the Canadian scientist behind Saddam Hussein's "Supergun," whose assassination sparked a murder mystery that remains unsolved to this day.



Ghost of War (Broadcast Premiere) | Thursday, March 25 at 8 p.m. ET

Gemini-award winning journalist Michael Maclear returns to Vietnam to tell for the first time how his work in the Far East became a personal battle between *objectivity* and the *truth*. Set against the 50th anniversary of the epochal Battle of Dien Bien Phu and coinciding with his 50 years in Canadian television, Maclear relives those times and the subsequent tragedy of Vietnam.

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